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A

HANDFUL OF MONOGRAPHS

CONTINENTAL AND ENGLISH.

BY

MARGARET J. PRESTON,

AUTHOR OF "SILVERWOOD"; "BEECHENBROOK"; "OLD SONG
AND NEW"; "CARTOONS"; ETC., ETC.

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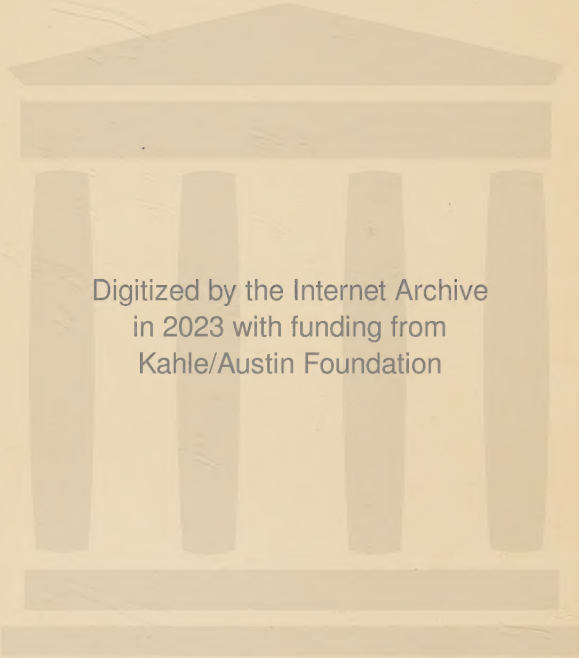
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EDWARD O. JENKINS' SONS,
PRINTERS AND STEREOTYPERS,
20 *North William Street, New York.*

TO
THE SEVEN

WHO MADE TRAVEL WHAT IT WAS.



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IN THE TRACK OF "THE GOLDEN LEGEND."

WE were sitting in the pretty drawing-room of the Hotel Scheizerhof, at the Falls of the Rhine. As Anna laid down a copy of "The Golden Legend," over which she had been poring, she exclaimed in her enthusiastic way:

"What is to hinder us from realizing in our experience the delicious journey of Prince Henry and Elsie, from the Odenwald to the St. Gothard Pass?"

"Nothing easier," said the Doctor, closing the volume of Taine, over which he had been bending—"provided you are willing so to modernize and vulgarize it as to substitute the iron horse for the palfrey, ridden by Elsie, and be content with such hotels as this Scheizerhof, instead of the severely simple accommodations that were furnished by the Abbess Irmingarde."

"I am more than ready for the exchange," replied Anna, pointing to the tessellated floor of the drawing-room, mosaiced in rich patterns of walnut, ash, and oak, and polished till it reflected our figures like a mirror. "I much prefer such

floors as these to the rush-strewn and rude ones which were furnished by Irmingarde's convent cells."

It was accordingly arranged that we should take up on the morrow the track pursued by these mediæval pilgrims, on their way to Salerno. This *Chute du Rhin* at Neuhausen is one of the most beautiful spots we have visited on the Continent. As measured by our American ideas of a fall, it is nothing remarkable either as to the volume of water precipitated, or to the majesty of its descent. The plunge is only about eighty feet, but the falls are noteworthy as being the highest in Europe; there is no suggestion of grandeur about them, but their beauty is beyond compare. In Switzerland, the air seems to have a rarefied clearness, and skies of more inviolate blue never stretched over Italian lakes. There is always, too, a delicious freshness in the atmosphere, which makes the step elastic, and does away, even to mountain-climbers, all sense of weariness. So we had with the *Chute du Rhin* the accompaniment of superb August days, cloudless and splendid, and moonlit nights of marvellous beauty. The Rhine at this spot has extraordinary loveliness: its banks are most richly wooded, and the dash of the white waters con-

trasts so vividly with the intense blue of the sky and the emerald brilliancy of the landscape around, that we were never weary of watching the lashing of its snowy foam, and listening to the rich minor of its music. The grounds about the Hotel are one great bouquet of shrubbery and flowers: lines of orange, lemon, and oleander trees edge the long, glass-covered marble pavements: and never in any palaces have we seen reception-rooms with such marquetry floors. The fine colonnades in front are always cool and inviting: the decorations of the dining-room are quite princely, and a whole greenhouse fills its centre with oriental plants that reach half-way to the lofty ceiling. The music of the Scheizerhof is one of its greatest attractions; and with the fine concert furnished every night, and the irradiation of the falls with calcium-lights, and the display of extensive fireworks, there was no lack of entertainment for the crowds of English and American tourists that saunter up and down these stately colonnades.

Our journey through the Black Forest was full of strange surprises: such engineering we had never imagined. Our train zigzagged along the mountain-sides in the most extraordinary way; and as we looked back, and saw the tremendous

trestle-works we had crossed, and the trail of the track half a mile above us, we could hardly persuade ourselves that we had just been over it all; the Simplon Pass seemed scarcely so wonderful.

We were in the very track of "The Golden Legend," which Ruskin styles the most perfect reproduction of mediæval life which any modern writer has given to the world. We did not look for Prince Henry and Elsie, in "the road to Hirschau." The *chemin de fer*, with its stations, and its noise, and its smoke, was enough to dispel all mediæval illusions; we failed to see Prince Henry's cavalcade watering their horses in the cool ravine, and we whisked by too rapidly to catch a glimpse of Ursula at her spinning-wheel! We passed the ruins of the old monasteries; but we did not hear Friar Paul singing his *Gaudiolum* :

"Ave ! color vini clari,
Dulcis potus, non amari,
Tua nos inebriari
Digneris potentia !"

We *did* hear the tinkling of bells ; but not the bells of the cloisters, only those of the little flocks of black goats, driven up the hillside by some sabotted Swiss boy.

As the day darkened over the impressive gorges and the cavernous ravines, we could not keep

from our tongues the exclamation of Walter the Minnesinger, as he turns to Prince Henry, and says:

—“How slowly from the scene
The stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts,
And puts them back into his golden quiver !
There flows the river, ever broad and still,
As when the vanguard of the Roman legions
First saw it from the top of yonder mountain !
How beautiful it is !”

We did not find any Abbot Ernestus ready to press upon us the hospitalities of his convent ; we did not meet with any old *Scriptor*, ready to say to us:

“Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.”

Instead, we found telegraph wires, and operators sitting in their *Scriptorium*, ready to tick off any messages we might desire to send to our friends, five hundred miles away. We found, in fact, the atmosphere of “The Golden Legend” sensibly interfered with and disturbed. No romance could be hung up on telegraph poles, or glide along the iron track of to-day.

One of our stopping-places was at Zurich, a pretty little city, lying, like a bit of gold and silver embroidery, along the velvet edge of the

lake of the same name. It has wide, shaded streets, and a drive to its elevated cemetery, which its inhabitants seem to regard with peculiar pride, as a sort of pleasure park, gave us a splendid view over the city, and up and down the lake. Of course at Zurich we were obliged to pay our homage to the memory of Ulric Zwingli, the boldest of Swiss Reformers, who, as Luther said of him, "Took the sword, and perished by the sword," and to recall reverently his pious heroism at the Cathedral church in which he preached.

We were greatly struck with the charitable establishments of Zurich. Its Polytechnic University is of immense extent, and the building on the outside was singularly girdled with portraits in fresco, of the distinguished sages of all time. Its hospitals we found to be very numerous, and held out a beckoning hand to our young M.D.

But after all, Lucerne, on its Lake of the Four Cantons, is the lovely heart of Switzerland; and who that has been here for a fortnight, does not want to linger a month longer? Our home at the Scheizerhof proved as delightful as the one at the Falls of the Rhine. There are three such (the finest in Switzerland), owned by the three

brothers Hoffman, who have certainly learned the secret of a perfect *hostellerie*. Jeanette, who has travelled over Switzerland times without count, declares she is never willing to turn her face homeward without having spent a fortnight or so in this loveliest of little mediæval cities.

And then one finds here such delightful people, English, Scotch, American tourists, who, like ourselves, are so bewitched by their surroundings that they are loth to leave them. Opposite our chamber windows,

"Shaking his cloudy tresses loose in air,
Rose tall Pilatus, with his windy pines."

Across the Lake stretched a line of snowy peaks. To the south, Righi loomed up in frowning shadow, and away down on the water's edge, in picturesque loneliness, stood Tell's Chapel. But why attempt to enumerate the attractions of this delightful spot, when they beckoned us on every hand!

It is worth coming to Lucerne to see Thorwaldsen's historic "Lion," if for nothing else. After having been through unnumbered galleries of sculpture, we all concluded that we never had seen a piece which so moved us as this. I felt my eyes misting as I sat before it; and rather unwilling to make a show of such emotion,

winked away the moisture, and turned to the Professor with some trite remark about the perfection of the execution; but behold ! there was a big tear on each of his cheeks; and I could not wonder that such a lover of noble animals as he, should be moved by the presentment of such marvellous fidelity and fortitude. The position of the sculpture is singularly appropriate: it is a little outside of the city, in a small park, and is cut upon the face of a mass of rock a hundred feet high, and surrounded by the trees and shrubbery native to the spot. Within a niche of the rock, the lion, slightly above size, lies as in his lair; and the rock, being tawny-hued, the lion is of the color of nature. The spear has entered his heart, and the broken handle projects from his side. The expression of silent agony upon the face is indescribable ; and yet, in his dying anguish, he still protects, with his paw, the shield that holds the *fleur de lis*. Above the niche is the inscription,

“*Helvetiorum Fidei Ac Virtuti,*”

and below are the names of those who sacrificed their lives in devotion to their trust.

As we crossed the covered bridge, over which Prince Henry led Elsie, we repeated with him,

"God's blessing on the architects who build
The bridges o'er swift rivers and abysses,
Before impassable to human feet !"

and on the other side we found ourselves in a city of the Middle Ages, as curious and antique as any on the Continent. Its streets are of the narrowest ; they have no sidewalks : its zigzag thoroughfares lead under mouldy old arches, and its hoary nocks and corners were simply delightful. It would be hard to tell how many effigies and paintings of Gambrinus we saw in this ancient part of Lucerne. Here, at least, he seemed to be the supreme divinity. The customs, manners, and dress of the people were entirely diverse from the city on the other side of the bridge: the river made a gap between them of three hundred years.

This bridge is the one so impressively described in "The Golden Legend," as holding the paintings of Holbein — "The Dance Macaber — the Dance of Death." Julia sighed because we had no copy of the poem with us, so that we might go over each picture with the poet's tender interpretations before us. Yet we pored eagerly over them all. Here was

"The grim musician,
Who leads all through the mazes of that dance
That ends in death."

Here was "A young man singing to a nun"; overhead we saw "The Jester with his cap and bells." And yonder was "Death playing upon a dulcimer," which Elsie declared had such consolation in its song that whoever heard it "could not choose but follow"; and we seemed to hear Prince Henry replying to her:

"'Tis the sound
Of their own hearts they hear, half full of tears,
Which are like crystal cups, half filled with water,
Responding to a pressure of a finger,
With music sweet and low and melancholy."

As we reached the end of the bridge, the sun was just setting: and we sat down on the worn old benches, while one of the party could not forbear taking up the words of the Abbot Ernestus—time and place were so appropriate:

"Slowly, slowly, up the wall
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade;
Evening damps begin to fall,
Evening shadows are displayed.
Shafts of sunshine from the west
Paint the dusky windows red;
Darker shadows deeper rest,
Underneath and overhead.
Darker, darker, and more wan,
In my breast the shadows fall,
Upward steals the life of man,
As the sunshine from the wall.
From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire;

Ah, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher!"

We went to the Stifts-Kirche one evening, to Vespers, to hear the grand organ—one of the finest in the world. The music was indescribable: we marvelled at the size of the choir, at the exquisite angel-voices, at the crash of an Alpine storm, at the thunder and rain, and the Professor whispered:

"How shall I get you home through this storm? I have brought no umbrella!"

What was our surprise on coming into the open air to see the stars dropping their clear reflection into the Lake! The marvellous choir proved to be one man—the wonderful organist of Lucerne.

There was a niche in the outside wall of this old church, which contained a most remarkable *bas-relievo*, which greatly puzzled us. It was at least two hundred years old. The figures were life-size. A form was prostrate on the ground, three prone figures near, and a cathedral pulpit in one corner, containing an excited personage. Above a paling fence, appeared three heads, with steeple hats and pikes. It was only after a good deal of puzzling that we discovered it to be a representation of the Agony in the Garden!

The sail down the Lake to the little village of

Vitznau was something never to be forgotten. Think of gliding over waters fifteen hundred feet deep, and as clear as a sunlit emerald! Here we took the train for the ascent to Righi-Kulm, of five miles up, which was so steep, that on our return, we could only maintain our seats by bracing our feet against the one before us. We had the fine fortune of a rare day. But it would be presumption to attempt to describe what met our eyes when we reached the Kulm. Two hundred and thirty snow mountain peaks—eleven lakes, all Switzerland like a map spread at our feet, and Righi, with a peak so sharp that walls are built round for safety—who can essay to give a picture of all this? Here was the Wetterhorn, the Eiger, the Jungfrau, the Schreckhorner, and all the noted peaks of the Alpine ranges before us. Yet after the first thrill of our wonder was over, and our eyes had grown weary of looking through our opera-glasses, we sat down upon the grass, starred with blue-bells, ate as fine apricots as we ever saw, and sipped St. Julien! The Doctor had decoyed us away from the bric-a-brac booths, to the very edge of the Kulm:—“Verily womankind is a mystery! Here you are with the most magnificent scenes before you your eyes can ever hope to see—two hundred and

thirty snow mountains, and all the lakes of Switzerland ; how can you grudge a minute thrown away on carved salad-forks, and moss-agate sleeve-buttons!"

The harmony between the different Cantons on the matter of religion somewhat surprised us. In the Cathedral on Sunday, there was mass at nine o'clock; at eleven, it was filled with a Protestant congregation, no change being made except to place a small pulpit and cabinet organ within the altar-rails, and to extinguish the altar lights. Yet as we came out, I observed some Roman Catholic worshippers lighting their little candles outside the great iron screen, and suspending upon it votive-offerings, in the form of small waxen babies, waxen arms and legs, and even a waxen tooth; whatever part of the human body supposed to have been healed by the Virgin, being thus represented.

It was hard to get away from Lucerne ; but half of Switzerland lay before us unexplored, so we were fain reluctantly to go. We went down the beautiful Lake, on a swift steamer ; and of course, at Tell's Chapel, thought of the men of Rutly, of Gessler, and of the historic apple, with becoming emotion. At Fluelen we took *diligence* for Hospenthal, a primitive village, high up the

Alps. Here we found an antique little church, with the mountaineers at Vespers, and an old Roman tower, that dated back nobody could tell us how far, and we realized here, perhaps more than anywhere in Switzerland, the truth of the description given by Ruskin, of the stern sadness of the life of the dwellers in these remote *chalets*, as pictured in his eloquent chapter on "Mountain Gloom." From this point we took private carriages for leisurely travel through the mountain-passes; and glorious days were those that followed. We were still in the track of "The Golden Legend," and when we came to the Devil's Bridge, we realized the truth of the Poet's description :

" This bridge is called the Devil's Bridge,
With a single arch from ridge to ridge,
It leaps across the terrible chasm
Yawning beneath us black and deep,
As if, in some convulsive spasm,
The summits of the hills had cracked,
And made a road for the cataract."

Such a magnificent cauldron of boiling foam as it is ! Upon the face of the stupendous rocks that rise above it, some unscrupulous hand has outlined, in black paint, his Satanic Majesty, large as life, traditional claws, tail, and all ! We settled at once that it was the work of some

American. No European could be guilty of such disrespect !

The St. Gothard Pass is left behind before we cross the Devil's Bridge. Its gorges are exceedingly impressive ; the sun can scarcely slant a way into their depths. No wonder Prince Henry shuddered at it:

" How bleak and bare it is—nothing but mosses;
And yet how awful, and how beautiful ! "

Here we parted company with the invisible, mediæval travellers, who had been haunting our steps ever since we left the Odenwald ; and we felt in a measure defrauded that we could not go with them into " The land of the Madonna." As their eyes did not look upon Fiesch, in its gloomy mountain solitude ; nor the Fourka Pass, in its lofty grandeur ; nor the Rhone Glacier, in its dazzling whiteness, magnificent as if it gushed from under God's throne—as they did not follow the windings of the rushing torrents, whose length we traversed, and the tumbling cascades, that lured us on, nor climbed the heights, nor descend the cavernous depths of the Tete Noire, I will not touch these points of interest, which all lie outside of the track of " The Golden Legend."

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ALPENGLOW AT CHAMOUNY.

WE were sitting late one evening, over our dessert, at the Hotel Imperial, at Chamouny, in delightful converse with an English clergyman and his wife, who were our fellow-guests, when G——, our young M.D., came rushing into the dining-room, with the most radiant expression I had ever seen on his face.

“Leave your grapes and peaches,” he cried out, “and hurry up to the balconies, if you want to see the grandest sight that your eyes will ever see this side of Heaven !”

We made haste to follow his guidance, and in a few moments found ourselves on the balconies upon which our apartments opened. It was about nine o'clock; and as the village of Chamouny lies in a deep valley, on all sides of which the Alpine ranges rise to stupendous heights, the sun sets there very early, so that for two or three hours it had been dark. Indeed we had remarked upon the dense quality of the darkness. The night was clear, and the stars were bright overhead; but then it was only a very circumscribed piece

of sky that we could see. The little Alpine town cannot boast of any street-lamps, save those in front of the hotels; but the many muleteers who were making arrangements for early excursions on the morrow, or were just guiding home parties who had been out all day, carried flambeaux about with them, which gave the dark streets a wild, picturesque appearance.

But it was not to the moving panorama, far in the street below us, that our eyes were directed; its shifting scenes had no power to hold our vision in presence of the grand spectacle to which our gaze was lifted. Our hotel faced Mont Blanc, which rose before us in all its unearthly splendor, piercing the air to the height of something less than sixteen thousand feet. The lofty Alpine range, on the western side of the valley, towering above *La Flegère*, threw a dense shadow half-way up the sides of Mont Blanc; and strange to say, the upper line of the shadow was a straight line, which apparently divided the immense peak in twain, so that this king of mountains seemed a mountain in the sky, with its base resting in depths of Cimmerian gloom. The upper half—that is, between seven and eight thousand feet of it—pierced the steely blue-black of the heavens, and was brought into relief against them, with

a magic that was miraculous. The whole face of Mont Blanc was flooded with an intensity of light unlike anything our eyes had ever seen; it was of as pure a pink as the heart of a most brilliant summer rose, and its effulgence was such as almost to make us turn away our eyes from its blaze. Had the whole mountain been thus suffused down to the Boisson Glacier, the miracle of color would not have seemed so supreme; but suddenly ruled off as it was by the black shadow of the opposite range, it did not seem, and we could scarcely persuade ourselves that it was, a thing of earth. It appeared to float in the upper firmament; or, as one at my side said, it was a sudden opening of the gates of Paradise, giving a glimpse of God's throne as it appeared to St. John the Divine. As G—— had said, we felt it to be the grandest sight we need hope to see this side Heaven.

Turning to the left the magnificent pinnacles of the *Aiguille Verte* rose as straight into the dark blue sky as a giant church-spire, lit with the same indescribable glory; all its kindred peaks in impenetrable shadow, save one or two that were tipped at the top like torches with a crimson flame. The effect was so strange upon us all that we clasped our hands in a sort of divine despair,

unable to find any expression that could convey the sense of what we felt, and it is a vain attempt to try to put the least gleam of its brilliancy upon my dead white page. The intensity of the light over Mont Blanc and the *Aiguille Verte* was that of the most gorgeous sunset; it had no suggestion of the pallor and indistinctness of moonlight: and it gave us some faint idea of the height of these peaks, when we remembered that the sun, which had been three hours set in the valley below us, was really lighting up, with its fullest blaze of splendor, their bald, snowy pinnacles, revealing their gorges to our eyes as clearly as if we were looking at them through a great magnifying-glass. The revelation which this Alpine vision, so dazzling to our sight through its intense radiance, gave us of the splendor and majesty of God's handiwork, was alone worth crossing the ocean to see. We were all overshadowed with something of the sacred and exalted feeling which St. Peter expressed on the Mount of Transfiguration, when he exclaimed: "Master, it is good to be here!" For I am sure we watched the fading out of the unearthly splendor with a deeper sense of Almighty power than perhaps had ever visited our consciousness before.

There are Alpenglows and Alpenglows: but this was one of such rare character as visitors to Alpine regions may not often see. Two of our number had been at Chamouny at various times, but they had never happened to see anything like this: and during the rest of our stay, we never saw even a faint gleam of this lustrous color again, though we watched vainly for it through the clear starlight.

If we were all lifted into a condition of exalted poetic feeling, by the rare glories on which our eyes had been resting, G—— was the only one of us who gave rhythmic expression to his emotions. So, I will press his sonnet between my pages, as I pressed the Edelweis gathered just at the edge of the snow, between the pages of my Baedeker.

ALPENGLOW.

Softly the darkness falls upon the plain,
And shuts the snow-capped mountains from the sight
Of eager eyes, that gaze with new delight
On Nature's solemn grandeur, when again,
Like far-off echo of some sad refrain,
There steals a rosy-soft, unearthly light
Along the glistening snow, above the night,
That fills the valley with its dusky train.
Thus memories of dream-like long ago,
With tender, half-forgotten joys replete,
Gleam far above the darkness round our feet,
For one brief, happy moment ere they go.

How sad they are, and strange, but passing sweet,
These flitting visions of Life's Alpenglow !

But there are multitudes of things besides Alpenglows to be seen in and about Chamouny. There is the ascent of Mont Blanc, which is made by parties every day; for it is not quite the formidable thing it used to be. An English lady accomplished the feat while we were there, and was none the worse for her hazardous adventure. Those making the ascent go to the *Grands Mulets*, where there is a *chalet*, stored with provisions, brandies, and arrangements for passing the night, and from there the rest of the ascent is made the next day. There are several large telescopes near the principal hotels, by means of which the ascending parties can be watched; and we saw them distinctly, as they wound up in long, single file, tied together by ropes; and shivered as they crossed the planks thrown over the *crevasses* on hands and knees. When the highest point is reached, for which they keenly watch through the telescope, a cannon is always fired in Chamouny, to indicate to all that the party is safe. This is repeated as soon as the tourists return to the village. One can only breathe for a very few moments in the rarefied air; so that an immense toil has to be gone through, and about two hun-

dred dollars expended, for the privilege of saying that this air has been breathed, even for a very brief space of time.

Of course everybody crosses the *Mer de Glace*, and visits *Montanvert*, and ascends *La Flegère*; but those of us who accomplished this, had the unusual experience of crossing the *Mer de Glace* in one of the most violent of thunder-storms. Anna was a brave traveller, however, though she owned that to be sheeted in lightning, under a deluge of water, with the snow crunching beneath her alpenstock, was not quite as pleasant as it might be.

We have ludicrous experience often of the English and Continental lack of a sense of the fitness of things. When Julia crossed the *Mer de Glace*, one of the party happened to be a young French lady, who was dressed for the exceptionally difficult excursion, in a sky-blue silk dress, with a long train, trimmed with lace, which had to be ignominiously tucked under the mule's saddle. One of our fellow guests at the Hotel Imperial, who was of Anna's party, had scarcely any more sensible ideas about her habiliments, but the wiser American woman counselled her to adopt short skirts, somewhat *a la* Bloomer, and throw over all a pretty gray gossamer, which she

accordingly did, to her great comfort and convenience. At dinner that evening, where the events of the day were being discussed, Anna heard an English party a few seats above her, commenting quite acrimoniously upon the dress of a certain lady who had crossed the ice-sea that day. "And what do you think," said the elderly dowager—"of the daring of one tourist who wore skirts not much longer than a ballet-dancer's, covering them with nothing but a waterproof? For my part, I think American women do horrid things sometimes, for I conceive that this was a little scandalous!"

"Hush-sh-sh," said Anna, turning to the speaker; "the lady to whom you allude sits just below me, and—she is an *English woman*!"

We all know that Englishmen cannot exist without their daily "tubbing"; and as they know that among the Alps bath-tubs are not to be had at every stopping-place, they actually are in the habit, frequently, of carrying their great tin apparatus with them. These are slung on the outside of the *diligence*; and we were much amused by some of our family party describing the innumerable accidents that happened to these bath-tubs. In the ascent of the Alpine steeps, the fastenings would often break, and away they

would roll, bounding down the mountain-side ; the *diligence* would have to stop, and the postillion or guide be sent after the erratic tub ; and this was a thing which was continually happening. But it did not convince the Englishman that it was anything out of the way to be carrying such unwieldy articles up the Swiss gorges, and down the dangerous passes.

We went one day, to see one of the grandest gorges Switzerland can show, and one which we were surprised was not more visited. It is about five miles from Chamouny, over a road which at every turn gives one such pictures of enchantment as can be seen nowhere out of Switzerland ; it would be the idlest effort to try to give one an idea of it.

This Diozas Gorge is a gigantic rift, through which the glaciers of the highest Alpine ranges send down a volume of water, which is lashed, during its whole descent, into snowy foam.

The gorge is very narrow, and so exceedingly steep as to be ascended only by means of thousands of wooden steps, planted against the perpendicular rocks. In many places these stairways were so fragile that they trembled beneath our footsteps, and as we looked over the slight barrier, it made us shudder to think of the awful

peril of a misstep, and of the plunge into the icy current, so fearfully far below. It seemed to us that there must have been two miles of ascent, before we attained the little *chalet*, from which a bridge, that looks like a spider's web, spans the tremendous gorge to the other side. But, O, the exhaustion of that Alpine climbing! We would not have undertaken it had we any idea of the peril which it entailed. I was dragged up the last two or three flights of steps by the arms, and stretched upon a bench, placed for tourists to rest on, brandy poured down my throat, and ice-water thrown into my face, dipped from the cavernous depths by means of a little iron bucket fastened to the end of a long chain. Thanks be to Heaven that I did not die in the Diozas Gorge!

When after many hours we reached the bottom again, and sat down to luncheon prepared for us under a crimson-covered tent, we understood why this gorge was not more in favor with tourists; but before the sun began to sink behind the western Alpine range, we had all recovered sufficiently to resume our seats in the travelling-carriage, and we did not regret having made an ascent which seemed to us to involve as much peril and exhaustion of muscle as the ascent of Mont Blanc itself. For it gave us such an idea

of the grim and awful terror of these Alpine gorges, as nothing but such an experience could have done; and so we were ready to say as Esperella does in one of his Spanish Letters, "It is certainly pleasant to *have* travelled; but—not to travel."

A PICNIC ON THE DRACHENFELS.

A MORE beautiful day than the one on which we made the ascent of the Drachenfels never was seen out of Paradise. We fancied that there was some special quality in the atmosphere along the Rhine that gave it an almost intoxicating richness and sweetness. We were approaching the districts where the most famous German wines are grown; and we expected to see next day, as we did, that special region lying along the Rhine, where all the Johannisberg and Hock in the world is made. When we beheld the comparatively limited extent of the vineyards, we could well believe the assertion, that it is a rare bottle of the famous wine that ever finds its way to our distant shores.

In this, no doubt, lay the germ of our fancy that the air of Königswinter—a little cluster of hotels which stretches along the foot of the craggy Drachenfels—was of exceptional purity and sweetness. The Rhine, at this point, winds with beautiful curves, and as it was the middle of July, the vast extent of wooded and mountain

landscape was still in its full freshness of summer glory. The frowning rocky pile, rising in almost perpendicular palisades from the very water's edge, loomed invitingly above us, crowned with the remains of the ancient Castle, about which the old pagan tradition still clings, like the many-hued lichens that cover its hoary walls.

A picnic among the old ruins seemed very attractive; so we had a wagonette, with a vast umbrella over it, brought to the door of the "Berliner-Hof," and our party of four was soon spinning away over a road as smooth as a floor. Some Baron Von——, we know not what, who owns the Drachenfels, and has built a very new castle in its close neighborhood, has constructed a zigzag railway up to its very top—a track almost as dangerous-looking as that up the Righi. We preferred our wagonette, however, and by taking a long, circuitous route we were able to drive to the very door of the little hotel near the ruins. And a most exquisite drive it was! Not even in England had we seen a finer gravelled road: the country was exceedingly picturesque, the little farms were finely cultivated, and our whole route was bordered in the most beautiful way by an unbroken stretch of the mountain-ash, in the full splendor of its crimson berries.

Never in my life had I seen such gorgeous clusters. With the cloudless sun full upon them they lit up our whole pathway.

When we alighted at the door of the inn, near the top of the mountain, we found the courtyard—a great, green, shady one—filled with the inevitable little circular white tables, that one sees everywhere as soon as one crosses the Straits of Dover. About these were gathered family groups, and knots of tourists, sipping beer and eating fruit.

The capacity of Germans, men, women, and children, for guzzling beer is something marvellous. Two persons never sit down together anywhere without the companionship of the ubiquitous bottle. Tender little girls, with flossy hair, and mites of boys in knickerbockers, are constantly invited by their parents to drink to the honor of Gambrinus—the supreme divinity of Teuton worship. The pictures and effigies of this inventor of the national drink, which we meet with everywhere in the old mediæval streets of Continental cities, had led us to think that he must have been the only god of their adoration in those ancient days.

The ascent to the top of the crags on which the Castle stands is very steep, and the climbing

of it is by no means an easy task. It was not hard to believe that these fastnesses of the robber Barons of old were entirely impregnable. One marvels that they could ever be taken under the old system of warfare. Before stepping into the area of the walls of Drachenfels which remain, we passed a wonderfully preserved tower, with masonry of immense thickness, built, it is said, by the first Barons A.D. 900. This masonry is intact yet, and looks as if it might stand until the day of doom.

As we came out upon the smooth greensward, on the very apex of the crag crowned by the old Castle, a most magnificent sweep of country met our view, such as hardly can be elsewhere seen in Germany. Some two thousand feet below us the clear Rhine curved and sparkled till lost in the blue distance. Dotted as it was with steamers and craft of every kind, floating the flags of varied nationalities, the effect was picturesque in the extreme. The Seven Mountains, so linked with German legend, were all in sight; and as we looked through the loop-holes of the old walls sheer down the perpendicular steep, we found them draped with honeysuckle and columbine and ivy, a magnificent tangle of the most gorgeous color the eye need ever care to

rest upon. It was natural enough to recall Byron's verses while gazing over the rich landscape:

“ The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks that bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these ”——

With a strong arm about me for safety, I stepped upon the high, broken crag from which the legend tells us the Green Dragon, who gave name to the Castle, flung himself into the Rhine below; no wonder after such a leap that he never was heard of more. Who does not know the tradition of the Green Dragon of the Drachenfels? How he was the terror of the pagan inhabitants, because he required human victims, which they sacrificed to him as a fiendish divinity, whom they could only thus appease: how, when a beautiful Christian maiden was taken captive in war, and the two baron brothers quarrelled as to which should have possession of her, the pagan priest decided that she should be offered in sacrifice to the Dragon: how, as she advanced to the mouth of his den, holding the crucifix in her hand, she cried out, “Jesus, deliver me!” and thrust the symbol of her faith before the three-

mouthed monster: how, awe-stricken at the sight, he sprang to the point of rock on which I stood, and precipitated himself into the waters below: how the pagan people were overcome by the miracle, and forthwith turned from their false worship and became Christian.

As I stood there, drinking in the diversified richness of the glorious landscape, I realized the underlying significance of the old legend, and felt the fullness of its meaning as I never had done before.

With venturesome hardihood we leaned as far as we dared over the flower-festooned crag, and gathered memorial leaves and blossoms, perfectly sure while doing so that they would never cross the ocean with us. We picked stones from under the nine-hundred-year-old foundations, though Julia suggested that we could toss them all into a bag, with pebbles gathered at fifty other places of note, and, like Mark Twain, occupy ourselves on shipboard by labelling them according to our fancy. A bit of rock from Sorrento could not be materially different from the piece picked out from the wall of the Drachenfels. And besides, they both were as old as Adam.

Shall I tell you of our sitting upon the green-

sward at the mouth of the Dragon's Cavern, eating pretzels and apricots and nectarines and little German seed-cakes, and sipping from tiny glasses our cool St. Julien? Shall I tell you how the blue-eyed German Fraulein watched us, and wondered at the lack of a sense of the fitness of things which kept those queer Americans from drinking, in such a place, to the honored memory of old Gambrinus? Shall I describe our downward drive, so rapid as to more than match the railway train, that landed us at the door of the Berliner-Hof in time for *table d'hôte*, where we ate fresh fish, just taken from the Rhine, of almost the richest flavor we had ever tasted—fish whose ancestors, at a far distant date, had no doubt feasted on the scaly body of the Green Dragon of the Drachenfels? No need for this, but I must be permitted to say that it will not be easy ever to blur in my memory that vision of beauty seen from the walls of the old robber Castle.

As we sat over our dessert, we could not help drawing contrasts between the groups we had just left, picnicing in the great court-yard of the Drachenfels inn, with the same class of people in our own country. "Where in all America," asked the Professor, "would you find artisans and families of laboring people going such a

distance to drink beer and eat pretzels, with wives and children, on a Friday afternoon? Say what you will, our working people at home don't know how to put into life, or rather how to get out of it, anything like as much of simple, innocent enjoyment as these toiling Continentals."

And we were all fain to agree with him, for ever since we had been on the Continent, we had been meeting everywhere these domestic groups out on pleasure excursions; the burly father with a little tot in his arms, the mother with the unfailing baby, and three or four little toddlers, at their heels, dragging along the lunch-basket. We found them on top of the Righi, on the edge of the Black Forest, on the shores of Lake Geneva, among the passes of Switzerland, in the aisles of great cathedrals, and among mediæval ruins. And yet these German peasants have infinitely less, as a class, to make them happy than our laboring people at home.

THE SKULL-CAPS OF COLOGNE.

"I HAD not supposed," innocently remarked a lady sitting opposite me at the breakfast-table at the Dome Hotel, in the ancient city of the Three Kings, "that Cologne was remarkable for much beyond its wonderful Cathedral, and its Jean Maria Farina's Eau de Cologne; and yet I heard you speaking this morning of its very curious skull-caps. If they are a matter of commerce, I must secure one to carry home."

"As to their being a matter of commerce," replied Julia, who had been at Cologne before, and knew all about its ins and outs, "I cannot make answer; but in your rounds this morning you will have an opportunity to put the question to some of our guides."

Was it not Goethe who called the Cologne Cathedral, "a miracle of frostwork in stone"? We realized the truth of the suggestion, as we stood in presence of its two immense towers, flooded with the clear morning light, and tried to compass in some degree the magnificence of the splendid structure, which required so many

centuries to bring to its perfect completion. To stand within its vaulted entrance, and gaze upon the countless groups of carved figures niched on either side and above it, each so perfect as fairly to take one's breath, makes one feel how impossible it is, rightly to estimate the infinite richness of the details of this mighty structure. To look aloft to the countless statues that people the entire front, makes one grow dizzy with wonder. To stand sufficiently distant to take in at one glance, the immense height of the building, with its heaven-piercing towers, whose splendid pinnacles carry up the same detail of grandest carving to their topmost point, fills the mind with a sort of awe and reverence for the handiwork of man. Then to pass under the forest of arches, up the grand aisle, and lose one's self amid the splendors of the gorgeous interior, is sufficient to arouse one's enthusiasm almost to the pitch of painfulness. However I might pile expletives together, they would convey little idea of the grandeur that dazed our sight, as we stood before the tomb of the Three Kings, and looked down through the interminable Gothic arches of those superb aisles.

The richness of the stone carvings, down to their minutest details, is beyond conception.

Everywhere we have lacework, wrought not with needle and linen floss, but with chisel and stone: eight centuries of artist life and genius have religiously wrought themselves into these roofs, and arches, and pillars, and monuments, and statues, and altars.

Four years ago, one of our number, who does not happen to be with us to-day, was here; and in presence of the pretty German maiden who waited on himself and Jeanette, as they made some purchases, was lamenting the unfinished condition of the towers.

"Come back, mein Herr," she interpolated between his lamentations, "come back in four years and you will find it finished."

"That's what the people of Cologne have been saying these two hundred years—"

"But this time, mein Herr, come back and you will see."

"Well, if I return within four years, and find the hideous derrick, which has been resting on yon tower for a century, gone, you shall have as pretty a gold medal as Cologne can furnish, mein fraulein!"

If he follows us within a week or so, he will have to make the fraulein happy with his present, if she can be found.

I am not writing a book of travels; and am therefore under no obligation to deal statistically, in tourist fashion, with Cologne Cathedral, or anything else. I wish rather that I could reproduce the droll English of the guide whose duty it is to show the tombs of the Three Kings: "Dis ish de tome of de Tree King—Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar—de grands Mages de l'Orient—"

"But if they were the Magi of the East," chaffed a brisk young American tourist standing by, "how came they ever to find their way to Cologne?"

The guide, who could not be interrupted in the lesson which he only knew by rote, repeated: "Dis ish de tome of de Tree King—Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar—de grands Mages de l'Orient, who vas buried here by Charlemagne in eight hunder, fourteen—"

"No, no; that cannot be. Barbarossa brought them to Milan in the time of the first crusade—"

"*Sie unterbrechen!* Dis ish de tome of de Tree King—Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar—de grand Mages de l'Orient, who vas buried here by Charlemagne in eight hunder, fourteen, what time de Cathedral vas founded—"

"But, my good fellow, Charlemagne was in

his grave two or three centuries before the remains of the Three Kings were ever discovered."

But to no purpose was the guide set right; for the fourth time he began: "Dis ish de tome of de Tree King—" But the saucy students had had sport enough out of the puzzled guide, and did not wait for the continued iteration.

It is not necessary to repeat here the old German legend as to the source of the architectural design of the Cathedral,—how his satanic majesty availed himself of the crazy hopelessness of the architect who was employed to furnish the design, and supplied him with the very one after which the "dom" was built, on condition that he would consent to resign his soul to him when the structure was complete, demanding that he should sign the compact with his blood. As we gazed along the vistas of the long-drawn interior, we were disposed to find some truth in the old story, inasmuch as the architect would seem to have had some superhuman help to conceive such a design.

The relics of the Cathedral are marvellous; part of the Theban Legion is buried here; which fact we accepted with the same faith as that of the entombment of the Three Kings. The unnumbered paintings that line the walls are,

many of them, by the most celebrated of the Old Masters. But it is the Church of St. Ursula that is fullest of the true odor of sanctity; and as the visitor stands in the side chambers, and runs an eye up and down the walls, which are mosaiced from floor to ceiling with the bones of the saint, and her eleven thousand virgins arranged in every possible pattern and device, it must be confessed the odor of this sanctity becomes oppressive.

“What a vast number of battlefields,” exclaimed our young M.D., “it must have taken to furnish human remains enough to inlay these walls!”

Here it was that we came upon the skull-caps that our friend had inquired about at breakfast; but we found they were not purchasable, or we surely would have brought away some trophies. Arranged on innumerable shelves were the skulls of the famous eleven thousand maidens (we accepted the number), every skull being covered with a crimson, or blue cloth, or velvet cap, most elaborately embroidered, with sacred devices, in gold or silver thread. It surely was a hideous sight to see! It fairly made our hearts ache over the blank superstition of the multitude of pious young nuns, whose fingers had lovingly

wrought all this decoration for this wretched *débris* of humanity. We were mistaken in saying that skull-caps were not marketable articles in Cologne; for we found that extra fees had to be paid for a sight of them, and that thus they are a source of great revenue to the Church.

In this same Church of St. Ursula we were gravely shown, by a young priest, an alabaster vase, very much discolored and badly cracked, which was one of the water-pots at the marriage-feast at Cana. We looked at it as reverently as we could, and asked no questions about the "two or three firkins," seeing this one would not hold half a gallon. With a certain degree of awe, two of the nails which had pierced our Lord's feet were shown to us; and we were permitted to look at the forefinger of St. Mark, preserved in a glass case, and the fleshless arm of the Centurion who pierced the Saviour's side. An even bushel of fine white teeth was shown to us, the teeth of the poor virgins, which would have been a treasure-trove to some modern dentist.

The Cologne markets were much of a curiosity to us. A certain broad square, or street, is set apart for the display and sale of every imaginable sort of vegetable and fruit. In the early

part of the day the entire square is as thickly covered over with little stools as it is possible for them to be placed; and here the market-people sit, with their panniers around them, with gay-colored shawls tied over their heads, in the midst of such a babel as the Plain of Shinar could not exceed. We tried to make our way amongst them; but they were as closely packed as a box of sardines. For the most part they seemed to be very poverty-smitten, and we stopped now and then to compassionate a poor mother with a basket of cabbages on one side of her, and a basket of babies on the other. Yet they all chattered away at the top of their voices, almost setting us wild with their Teutonic jargon, which was very incomprehensible to the Professor, who was the only one among us that talked German. One may have Goethe and Schiller at his tongue's end, and yet not be able to comprehend when a German market-woman tries to make him know the price of her apricots and plums. I verily believe that our own country is the only one on the face of the earth, in which the entire population can perfectly understand each other's lingo.

There are many galleries of paintings in Cologne; but they dwindle into insignificance under

the mighty shadow of its grand Cathedral, which seems to dwarf everything else which the old city contains. As we walked about it, and tried to take in the true conception of its magnificent proportions, we longed for a conflagration or a cyclone to come and sweep away the multitude of low, miserable buildings that crowd upon it and help to mar its superb unity. There is absolutely no point from which the *coup d'œil* is in any degree satisfying; so persistently does meanness and squalor thrust itself upon its greatness.

THE OUBLIETTES OF CHILLON.

SURELY there are no lakes in the world equal to these Swiss ones, embedded as they are, like sapphires and emeralds in their setting of snow mountains! Of the entire eleven of them, into whose deep waters we have looked, not one is so beautiful as the Lake of the Four Cantons; and not one is so historic as Lake Lemán; or to give it its every-day name, this calm Lake of Geneva, into whose crystal waters we have been gazing for days past. But we were not content with what we could see of it, as we crossed and re-crossed from one shore to the other, in our drives and walks about this old French city of Geneva. So yesterday we stepped on board one of the swift steamers, that every little while are passing before the windows of our pretty hotel, and determined to explore the lake to its very end, that is to the Castle of Chillon.

It would be hardly possible to imagine a day fitted for more perfect enjoyment. There is a quality about the atmosphere of these Swiss lakes that is something indescribable—a crystalline

transparency that enables one to see, with perfect distinctness, Mont Blanc, and some of its sister snow-peaks fifty miles away—a freshness that touches the cheek like the breath of Eden, and an exhilaration in the air that gives wings to the spirit, and exaltation to the thought, and a rarefied buoyancy to the whole nature. One grows mercurial as one glides over these sapphire waters. Wings sprout about our head and feet; and wandering along these shores, we seem rather to float than walk grossly on solid earth. As we sat upon the awned deck, we felt as if we were skimming charmed waves whose light ripples must certainly wash the shores of the Fortunate Isles !

The variations, the curves, the windings of these shores, fairly bewitch one with their beauty. Towns, villages, hamlets, and chateaux give the shores an embroidery of life, intermingled every now and then with glimpses of open country, which alternate with mountain ramparts, that rise like solid walls of greenery from the very water's edge. Not many miles from Geneva we stopped at a pretty little watering-place, where were crowds of visitors—invalids in their bath-chairs, ladies in their little landaus, and innumerable babies, who were being trolled up and down

the gravel walks by their *bonnes*. The shade was so dense all around these baths that hat and parasol were discarded by the ladies; and it seemed a most tempting place for the ruralizing Genevese. We made search here for some American friends who had been in Europe a year or two; but they had left the place, and so we kept on our way toward the end of the lake.

It is hard to realize that the Castle of Chillon is fifty miles from Geneva. We left the Beau Rivage after an early breakfast, and by midday were at the village which has grown up in the neighborhood of the chateau, where we had our choice of going by row-boat or rail to the little peninsula on which the towers of Chillon stand. With such a sky and water about us, we preferred the boat; and as a dozen of them presented themselves in the cove, our eyes were quick to discern one that floated the American flag. So we took our seats on the bright cushions of *L'Audace*, and were soon at the foot of the long stairway that leads from the Castle down to the water; for the chateau is wholly surrounded with water, being connected with the land by means of a long drawbridge.

This old haunt and home, and state prison of the ancient Dukes of Savoy, is in a fine state of

preservation; its various round-pointed towers are intact, and there is about it scarcely any symptom of decay; the walls are white and perfect, and show with fine relief the clustering ivy that drapes them.

It gives one a sense of suffocation to pass so instantly from the free rich atmosphere of the lake, and the careering winds, that were driving the light clouds over the sky, into the dusky walls of this gloomy prison-house. The Ama-deuses, and Humberts of the ancient line of Dukes, had nerves made of well-wrought steel, or they never could have dwelt over these ghostly dungeons. And yet so magnificent are the views in every direction, that there must have been somewhere in their cruel natures a soft spot capable of being moved by the splendid richness of the outer world about them. The mockery between this external glory and the horror of the dungeons into which we stepped, quite disturbed our equanimity, for shuddering shadows seemed to haunt every corner of these dark precincts. A bluff Savoyard, with a great bunch of ponderous keys, received us at the top of the stairway, and conducted us across the paved court-yard; and without any softening of effect by gradual approach, led us straight down a

flight of worn stone steps into lower chambers of the Castle, at the extremity of which are the dungeons. The first apartment is a dreary chapel, so dark that no leaf of a missal could have been read there at midday without artificial light. It is not to be supposed that these wicked old Dukes frequented the chapel, as the welfare of their souls did not enter much into their calculations. From the chapel we wound through a narrow passage, which seemed to us a pathway of horrors. The guide pointed to a deep niche in the immensely thick foundation-walls, which had an opening at the top, now built over. Through this circular hole the dead bodies of the miserable wretches, who had been racked, flayed to death, or sent out of life by other ingenuities of refined torture, were thrown down into this niche, within whose half circle we stood. Immediately across the passage-way from it was a black subterranean opening, like a well, termed by the old chroniclers most rightly, an *oubliette*. Into this opening the bodies of the victims were cast, and falling to the bottom of its eight hundred feet of water, were swept out into the depths of the beautiful lake. What a cold shiver it gave one to look down into its inscrutable depths !

This narrow passage terminated at the door

of the principal dungeon—Bonnivard's Dungeon, as it has come to be called; though multitudes of prisoners groaned out their lives there, whose fates were more terrible than his—for seven years of chains and anguish at last brought him release—but for these there was only the release of the rack or the *oubliette*. In the strict sense of the word, this is not a dungeon, for there are at least a couple of slits in the ten-feet-thick walls, through which faint indications of daylight came. Still it was so dark that, although the day was a very brilliant one, and it was not far past high noon, I had to grope over the floor, which was roughly paved, for the pebble or two which I wanted to bring away, to have set for my boys' watch-chains. Never, from one of these slits, totally inaccessible to the prisoner, could Bonnivard have caught the least glimpse of the beautiful little island, of which Byron speaks, right opposite the chateau, on which he fancies the captive's eyes must often longingly have rested.

The dungeon is long and low, and through its centre run the seven historical pillars, great squat masses of stone, to which Bonnivard and his brothers were chained. The staple and links of the rusty chain still remain. I passed them reverently through my hands, not troubling myself

to question whether they could actually be the same under which the pulses of this martyr of Liberty so long throbbed. Around the pillar there was a circular groove, distinctly worn by years of torturing tread. Just above the staple was rudely scored the name of Byron, done by his own hand. Standing there under the too overwhelming rush of thought and emotion, one could only wonder that Byron, with all his power and pathos, had not infused with a deeper indignation, and a more shuddering thrill, the story of Bonnivard's captivity: though he has well said—

“Chillon!—thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor, an altar,—for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!”

From these chambers of horror, we ascend to the apartments overhead, where the old Dukes of Savoy and their Duchesses were accustomed to hold princely revels in the ancient day. Right over the dungeon were the Halls of Justice and of Execution. There was the spot where a species of guillotine had stood; on the other side the place where the fiendish rack rent limb from limb. And yet from these dens of cruelty,

we looked, as we stood in the embrasures of the deep windows, out upon as magnificent a scene as mortal eye need ever to rest on.

Beyond these halls were the apartments of the Duchesses; a bed-chamber, and a dressing-room, with a great corner chimney-piece. Thick as these walls are, the ears of her Serene Highness must sometimes have been regaled with shrieks and groans of the victims just beyond her; and it must have been necessary sometimes for her ladies to thrum their lutes and guitars pretty loudly to stifle the cry of anguish.

Farther on is the great hall, where the Dukes of Savoy were accustomed to hold wassail after being tired out with their troublesome business of condemning prisoners at the other end of the long suite of apartments. There was an immense fireplace in this hall. Its walls had once been frescoed, but only faint traces remained of the pictures, and around the frieze at the top of the wall, ran a long, black-letter legend, whose pious import we could only faintly make out. These great rooms seemed almost as suffocating as the dungeons below, haunted as they were by the memories of the cold-blooded cruelties of the men who had inhabited them.

We were glad to come out into the sunshine

of the court-yard; although it was only that the guide might lead us across to another wing of the Castle, fearful with still further associations of horror. We were taken into a room, at one end of which was another *oubliette*, with a strong iron bar around its edge. The guide bade us look down. There were half a dozen steps, and beyond them, impenetrable darkness. To this spot prisoners who were more than ordinarily offensive to their tyrannical rulers, were conducted blindfold, and were bidden to step down, entirely unaware of the fate that awaited them; they stepped, and plunged eighty feet into the waters below. "And, Madame," said the Savoyard guide—with a chord of pity in his tone—" *Ici le lac a plus de mille pieds de profondeur, et on en rien entend dire plus—jamais, jamais.*"

I can hardly say that we were sorry to get beyond the shadow of walls that seemed as if they must be cemented with blood; and as we took our seats in the little *Audace*, and were rowed out mid-stream, we looked back at the Chateau, lifting its towers so beautifully from its jutting peninsula, and drew a long breath of relief and of thanksgiving, that the world had grown so much better since those diabolical days of the past.

At the little village of Chillon, we varied our experience of the Lake and its lovely environments, by taking the train back to Geneva. This led us through many an historic point. At Vevay, Rousseau forced himself upon our memories; and Clarens compelled us to think of "La Nouvelle Heloise." The ponderous volumes of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" seemed to lumber into view at Lausanne; and we did not wonder that the self-indulgent historian loved to linger at so beautiful a spot, while he leisurely gave himself up to his bombastic periods. Coppet had far tenderer associations for us; we liked to fancy that we could see the brilliant Corinne behind the grim brick walls of the lawn; Chateaubriand, or Benjamin Constant, or Ampère or Madame Recamier on the garden seat beside her. And while we sympathized with the fact of her exile, it did not seem to us that there was anything very severe in being banished from the *salons* of Paris, when her banishment led her to such a retreat as these shaded walks of Coppet.

Ferney is so bound up with the memory of Voltaire that we were obliged to think of the bitter scoffer, whether we would or no; but we did not turn aside even to read his inscription over the door of the church, which he was so

generous as to erect to God, if indeed it be still there. We have the same feeling towards his brother scoffer, Rousseau, when we come upon memorials of him, as we do here even in this city of the stern Calvin. We pass the lovely little island every day, which bears his name, and his statue erected upon it; but as we cross the long bridge we never turn aside with pilgrim reverence to do homage even to the acknowledged genius of the man, whose warped principles had so much to do with bringing about the most fearful tragedy of modern times.

THE "ALLÉES" OF ANTWERP.

WHEN I was a child of ten, a book of English engravings, whose exceeding beauty I have scarcely ever seen equalled since, was made a present to a member of the family. Among these engravings was an unusually fine one of the approach to the city of Antwerp, by the wide mouth of the Scheldt. This picture fascinated my gaze above all the others; and I was never weary of poring over its attractive points. Not that I had artistic taste enough to appreciate the fine rendering of water and sky, of the high Dutch vessels in the offing, or of the airy-looking spires and church-towers. But somehow I was magnetized by its rare beauty, and fancied that this Antwerp must be the centre of an earthly paradise. My geography was so much at fault, that I actually did not know whether it was a European or Asiatic city: with the soft richness that seemed to hang about the picture, I had mixed ideas of the Orient, and was disposed to think it must be somewhere in the classic East or South: for if my modern geography was rather shaky, I at

least could read Latin a little, and knew more about Lemnos and Chios, and the Peloponnesus, than I did about the geography of the West.

But deep as was my interest and mystification, it never occurred to me to make known my perplexity, and have it removed, which, of course, a question would have been potent to accomplish. It is very strange how children make *caches* for themselves, carefully concealing their anxiety about what really they have an intense desire to know. They do not forget their *cache*, but in thought continually return to it, never imparting to any one a suspicion of its existence; until some day the perplexity is removed, and all is made plain to them. This was the case with my picture, over which I think I mystified myself for a couple of years. And now, here is the Antwerp of my childish fancy—not so oriental-looking, not so soft and beautiful, not such an exquisite mingling of sky and water; and yet the Antwerp of my young imaginings.

All the cities of Holland have a beauty of their own, which makes them unlike other cities of the Continent. We have been quite captivated with the quiet loveliness of The Hague. We have rocked in the harbor of Rotterdam, and admired the Dutch quaintness of the old com-

mercial emporium. We have sauntered and driven about the embowered streets of Amsterdam, crossing as many of its innumerable bridges as we could compass, gazing up their pretty vistas, and owning it to be quite worthy of its name, "the Northern Venice." We have grown patriotic at Leyden, and done honor to the heroes of the Dutch Republic; and at the little city of Delf, we have been tempted to burden ourselves with a load of its pretty ware. Antwerp is unlike these other cities in some respects, and has marked characteristics of its own. As we drove about its wide, clean streets, we found in the most important of them what are there called "*allées*." These consist of two asphalt-paved strips, of some fifteen feet in width, having close rows of shade-trees on either side, and furnished throughout with iron benches, and occasional little tables. The shade is so dense that it is almost impervious to the sun at mid-day. Here the *bourgeois* classes take their ease, their fresh air, and their beer. Especially are they the resort of women, who bring their children, and their baskets of work, and their dinners, and spend the day, with as much apparent freedom as if they were in their own home.

The license allowed the working-classes abroad,

and the provision made for their comfort, I have had occasion to speak of before. Democratic America does not provide, in her municipal arrangements, for the accommodation and comfort of the poor, as do the monarchical countries. The gardens and parks of English, and especially of Continental cities, seem to be kept up for the entertainment of those who have no gardens of their own. In the finest pleasure-grounds of Paris, I saw a woman, one day, with her patterns all spread on the benches, cutting out a pair of knickerbockers for one of the six little fellows capering about her. The police look on complacently, and never say them nay. Between these "*allées*," and on either side, are carriage-ways, making a very wide and airy street.

One of our most vivid associations with Antwerp was, of course, its close connection with Flemish art; and one of our earliest errands was to the Cathedral, to see the two famous pictures of Rubens, "The Elevation" and "The Descent from the Cross." I had heard some friends say, that they were fully repaid for having crossed the ocean, simply by a sight of these pictures. We did not realize this. Two of our party had been here before, but not one of us

was able to get up any rhapsodical enthusiasm. To deny that the pictures are fine, would be to condemn our artistic taste utterly; but the characteristic gorgeousness of Rubens manifests itself as much here, where all should be severe, and chaste, and subdued, as in the magnificent Medicean pictures of the Louvre. The Mary and the Martha of "The Descent" were portraits of his two beautiful wives, and are very exquisite.

The perfunctory way in which guides hurry one over pictures and through galleries, is very unsatisfactory and annoying. Great curtains were suspended over these two pictures, and not an inch would the guide withdraw them, till he had summoned up all the tourists in the Cathedral, arranged them in rows before the canvas, and then gone about between these rows, with the precision of a beadle, and taken up the prescribed fee from every one of them. And then, there were no lingering examinations allowed. Every tourist was supposed to desire to look upon them just so long; when the fact was, that some American ladies there turned upon their heel, with scarcely half a glimpse, whilst we would fain have sat before "The Descent" for at least one ungrudged hour.

In one of the little side chapels, in another church, we saw the tombs of the artist and his two wives. The beautiful marble figures were being very vigorously scrubbed by two stout men.

We drove to Rubens' house, in one of the principal streets. It has been very grand in its day, and even yet, its architecture is impressive; for the Master, Peter Paul, lived in a very princely way, and accumulated an immense fortune. We were glad to find, in one of the small squares, an impressive statue of Van Dyck, whose airy, cool canvases are in such striking contrast with the heavy richness of Rubens and Rembrandt, and other Masters of the Flemish School.

Nothing in Antwerp surprised us more than what we saw in our drives about its very extensive wharves. Nowhere, in all the cities of the Continent, did we see such immense lumberyards as we find here. One would think that the forests of Norway had been levelled to furnish them. We also came to the conclusion that the oil-wells of the United States had emptied themselves upon the borders of the Scheldt. We positively saw acres covered as thickly with coal-oil barrels as it was possible for them to be. Had we not seen it with our own eyes, we could

scarcely have believed that so much petroleum was exported to Europe.

This Dutch language is most amusing: but Holland is a pleasant land, notwithstanding its ridiculous language; and the order, cleanliness, thrift, prosperity, and happiness, which everywhere met our observation, wonderfully commended the country to us. In these respects it is in strong contrast to parts of Germany through which we travelled. But one cannot help wondering, as one thinks of the influence of this land upon Mediæval Art, what the old Flemish Masters found here to feed their imagination. Pale skies, flat lagunes, sluggish canals, squat trees, monotonous pastures, sleek cows, lazy canal-boats, stocky men and women in blue blouses and short petticoats, and little two-year-old tots, with coats, waistcoats, and trousers cut exactly after the fashion of grown men, are not the material out of which to construct Holy Families, ecstatic St. Cecílias, pathetic Magdalenes, severe Junos, magnetic Venuses, or adorable Dianas! And yet such have had their birth here. The first artists who ever used oils in painting were the Flemish Van Eycks.

And what is there here, to inspire that enthu-

siasm for liberty, and that readiness to die for it, which of old characterized all the Low Countries? We look to mountain lands, for our Bruces and our Tells. And yet these flats of the Netherlands have given the world as grand heroes as ever have died for faith and country.

•

'S GRAVENHAGE.

OUDE .DOELEN.

OUR linguistic accomplishments had need to be of a much greater range than they are, to get along with any comfort in these curious old Low Countries. English, French, German, and Latin availed us little or nothing; and what seemed to us the absurdity of High and Low Dutch, has been a matter of constant amusement, as we tried to make it out in the shop windows or on the street signs; it looked like English knocked into *pi*; and we found it impossible to hold any but the most meagre communication with the inhabitants. Nobody but the waiters at the hotels seemed to understand any tongue but their own; it was scarcely less difficult for us to carry on shopping transactions at The Hague or Amsterdam, than it would have been at Shanghai. We had to show our money, and questioningly hold our fingers up, to find out the number of pieces we were to pay. Their spelling is so farcical our eyes could not get used to it. *Rijksdaalder, Kwart gulden, dubbeltje,*

were coins which we did not pretend to name. The Professor was always thanking his stars that it had not been his fate to have been a school-boy in Holland, and have to be taught spelling there.

We could not divine why the old city should be called 's *Gravenhage*, till by some research we found out that this was the name of a hunting-seat, built in 1200, by an old Dutch Count, and called "The Count's Hedge," which the word signifies.

Our place of abode while in La Haye, as the French call it, was at the *Oude Doelen*, immediately opposite the *Tournooiveld*. This *Oude Doelen*, or *Vieux Doelen*, as it is more generally called, was founded in 1407; and as the city owes its origin to a hunting-lodge, it is natural enough that *Doelen*—the "Shooting-Place"—should come to be the name of the house erected for the knights who met together here, from all parts of the Low Countries, to amuse and perfect themselves in cross-bow practice. These knights owned St. George as their patron; and they belonged to a guild called the "Brotherhood of St. George." The *Vieux Doelen* is still surmounted by a figure of their old patron saint.

The *Tournooiveld* is a large park, which was

the tournament-ground in the olden days. It remains much as it was, being as thickly crowded as a forest with ancient-looking trees. As archery was the favorite form of manly exercise when the *Doelen* was established, the hotel bore on its front, as a sort of escutcheon, the bull's-eye of the target, which is what the Dutch word *doel* means. It is only within later years that the bull's-eye has been removed.

There is something very quaint and curious about this old haunting-place of the *Doelen* knights. Its architecture is somewhat modernized; but it was evidently built for posterity, and looks as if it might last for five hundred years to come. It was a matter of no little interest to us, that this very hotel had been the home of Peter the Great while he was learning ship-building in Holland. And G—— and Julia tickled their imaginations by believing that their respective apartments were each, the one used by his Imperial Majesty. Great pride is taken in the historic register of the hotel, and travellers are shown the long list of royal personages who have, within the last five hundred years, honored, as guests, its walls. It is situated in one of the most beautiful parts of the city, near the *Voorhout*, and not very far from the gates

that lead into "*Het Bosch*," the beautiful park, which is as free, as a drive and pleasure-haunt—to all the populace, as to the king himself.

There is no question but that The Hague is one of the most attractive cities on the Continent. There is a quaintness and old-world life about it that is captivating. Its stout burghers, stamping about in their old-fashioned boots, and the antiquesly dressed women, with their frilled caps, and the flaxen-haired children, with their short red petticoats and puffy knickerbockers, all look as if they had just stepped out of Teniers' or Ruysdael's pictures. And O! the beautiful cleanliness of pavement, and street, and esplanade, and bridges, and everything! The canals and waterways so fill the city that they make it sparkle all over: one catches glints of their light wherever one looks. In Amsterdam we were all the time catching charming outlooks from some of its three hundred bridges. There are drives, and promenades, closely lined with trees, all along the banks of these canals; and we observed in The Hague, the same dense rows of fine leafage, under which the inhabitants walk uncovered at noontide, and the same surprise of beautiful water-effects that would be worthy of note in the city of the gondolas.

There seemed to be absolutely no shabby buildings in La Haye. The houses are all stately, many-storied, many-balconied, light-colored, and kept with such perfection of neatness as to convey the impression that their outsides had all just been scoured. The curious Continental custom (the result, no doubt, of their French windows, which open to the floor like a double door), of having the old-fashioned Venetian blind hung on the outside, is universal here; one rarely sees a house without them,—a proof to us that they never had experience on the Continent, of the wild winds and rain that we know of at home, which would surely dash these swaying *jalousies* to pieces.

Het Bosch is one of the few extensive parks we have seen on the Continent, where Nature is permitted to have "her own sweet will." The trees look old enough to have been primeval forest; the drives through them are miles in extent, kept in fine order, and yet nothing is so trimly dealt with as to interfere with a certain sense of natural freedom, which to an American eye is delightful. The Park terminates at the simple, yet beautiful summer-palace of the Queens of Holland; so called, we suppose, because, for a short period every summer, the

female sovereigns of the Dutch rusticate here. The style of architecture is domestic and unpretending; it is set in a bouquet of flower-parterres; for what would Holland be without its flowers and its tulip-beds? We were charmed that the pretty Dutch maiden, who took us all over the royal residence, could, as she said, talk English; but her English only comprehended a few sentences, and was rather a droll jargon. There was an exquisite Chinese drawing-room, in which every appointment was as suggestive of the central Flowery Kingdom as if we were going through a royal palace in Peking. I came suddenly upon a full-length portrait (the only thing that was not Chinese in the apartment), and exclaimed to the Professor, "That certainly is John Lothrop Motley!"

"*Oui, oui*," responded our fair-haired guide; and then in some lingo, a mixture of Dutch, English, and French, she managed to tell us that here Motley had resided; which we had no trouble in recalling, as we remembered that the historian of the Dutch Republic had had apartments here allotted him by the Queen, whilst he was writing the history of her country. The Japanese drawing-room was even daintier than the Chinese one,—walls, chairs, sofas, indeed

everything being covered with white, hand-embroidered satin. Nothing in the palace struck us as more beautiful than the immense circular ball-room, with its richly inlaid floor, as smooth and glistening as plate-glass, on which dancers had spun their rounds for over two hundred years. These inlaid polished floors quite bewitch us women, and make us think the most delicate Moquette or Aubisson vulgar in comparison.

The Hague is quite rich in museums, picture-galleries, and antiquities of all sorts. The long commerce, in the old day, of the Dutch traders with the East, has filled it with much that is Oriental; but as Japan seems but our next-door neighbor now, we were less interested than people of a century ago, with the treasures brought by the old galleons from the seas of the Orient. Our young Doctor forgot his American *nil admirari* rôle, and grew excitedly enthusiastic over Rembrandt's "School of Anatomy." He "had seen nothing like it to warm up his blood!" I could only turn away from it with the same horror I should feel in a dissecting-room; for its realism was only too perfect. Paul Potter's Bull did not carry off our enthusiasm in any Europa fashion; though his shiny coat did fill us with something of a marvel.

But after all, it was not picture-galleries nor

museums that stole our hearts at The Hague, and inclined us to linger there indefinitely. Infinitely more were we stirred by the heroic associations we had with the struggles of these brave Hollanders for the attainment of that very liberty which we in our blessed country never know how to value aright, till we come over to the old world, and learn at what cost such men sold their lives to win it. How could we traverse these Low Countries, and not find ourselves crooning passages from Sir Henry Taylor's "Phillip Van Arteveldt"? How could we pass through Leyden, and not recall the day when Boisot's fleet raised its siege? The eyes of William the Silent seemed ever watching us beneath these pale skies. Here, within sight of our hotel, was the spot where Barneveldt was executed: Egmont and Count Horn were names that made the very air vital. Nevertheless we were content to relegate these noble spirits of the elder day to the grand shades, while we walked and drove up and down these deliciously cool and breezy and immaculate streets and esplanades, delighting ourselves with the quaintness and the old sixteenth-century look of its present inhabitants. I do not believe that there is a city on the Continent, unless it be Geneva, where we could more charmingly pass a restful summer month.

ST. BERNARD'S DIJON.

"HOTEL DU JURA!" "Hotel de la Cloche!" "Hotel du Nord!" were the exclamations with which we were saluted by fifty of the *voiture* drivers, as we stood upon the platform in the quaint old city of Dijon. With the beautiful range of the Jura Mountains before our eyes, how could we resist the entreaties of the little *cocher* who kept shouting "*Hotel du Jura!*" in our stunned ears? So to Hotel du Jura we committed ourselves and our belongings. We have been travelling all day along the Côte d'Or, the richest and most picturesque part of Burgundy, where we have seen scarcely anything but leagues of vineyards, with every now and then an old French town, or an antiquated hamlet, or the towers of an ancient *chateau*, breaking the monotony of the landscape.

What a dear, strange, old-world city this ancient Dijon is! How intensely provincial, and how wholly French; and how difficult to realize, though it is so quaint, that it was an inhabited place before the Roman invasion of Britain! I

picked up, on the little drawing-room table, a small French book, in which I found it asserted that one of Cæsar's legions had its camp here, and that the very name, Dijon, is but a corruption of the name of the tribe of Gauls who inhabited this region. Be that as it may, it is certainly one of the oldest towns in France.

One of the first things on which my eyes rested in looking out of my chamber windows, at the Hotel du Jura, was the tall, gray tower of the old Castle of Burgundy, where, so many hundred years ago, the ancient dukes of that name held such lordly court. Don't think for a moment that I am going to open my Guide-books, and bore you with stories of Philip the Bold, and Jean-Sans-Peur, and other great knights of the golden days of Burgundian power and prowess. Here in the historic old cathedral we found their tombs, rich with the splendors of mediæval carving, and not so very much the worse for the wear of half a dozen centuries. How very young we Americans are compelled to own ourselves, as we stand under the fretted roofs, and beside time-gnawed tombs, that were old before it ever entered the head of the Genoese navigator to search for his new world !

But Dijon has a closer hold upon us than any

home of the old Gauls, or any of Cæsar's legions, or any relics of the Burgundian princes, could establish; a hold that had to do with some of the tenderest memories of the Christian heart. Here it was that St. Bernard was born; or, at least, so closely in the neighborhood of Dijon, that the claim of its being his birth-place is admitted: and a fragrant sanctity still so clings to the memory of this old saint, that the most detaining grasp which the ancient city lays upon the passing traveller is, that within its shadow he was born, here he lies buried, and here is the richest mural monument ever raised to his memory. We feel a certain reverence for the inhabitants of this old city that they have so honored their saint as to erect so handsome and costly a memorial, one that will compel them, to all generations, to keep in some degree before their minds the holy life and good deeds of the man whom it commemorates, and thus be one of those stones that has a sermon in it.

St. Bernard was the most wonderful man of his time—a reformer who deserves to divide the honors with St. Augustine and Luther; not only did he cleanse the corruptions of the Church, and purge the monastic orders of their vileness,

but he was also the umpire between kings, the counsellor of popes, and tried in a better way than Hildebrand to hunt out heresies. But so eloquent and persuasive was he in all this, that he obtained the name of "Doctor Mellifluous."

To find his monument, which is the peculiar pride of Dijon, we turned aside from the broad street on which our hotel is situated, and passed up the narrow and tortuous streets, lined with dark gray houses, so high as to obscure the daylight, which wind their way through the old city, and came out upon the small square, in the centre of which the monument stands. It is built of white marble, is circular, stately, and massive. It is surmounted by a colossal figure of St. Bernard, in his Doctor's robes, with an open volume in his hand, and his arm stretched abroad, as in persuasive exhortation. As we stood there, under the silence of this rich August morning, and looked up at the far-gazing eye, and the parted lips above us, we almost fancied we could hear the mellifluous voice that still keeps ringing down the centuries. We thought of his mother, the beautiful Lady Aletta, on the occasion of whose death he wrote his first Latin hymn, which has been preserved to us, whose first verse we may be excused for

quoting, both for the music of its mediæval Latin, and for its Christian faith:

“Salve, mundi salutare,
Salve, salve, Jesu care !
Cruci tuæ aptare
Vellem vere, tu scis quare,
Da mihi tui copiam,
Ac si præsens sis, accedo,
Immo te præsentem credo ;
O quam mundum hic te cerno !
Ecce tibi me prosterno,
Sis facilis ad veniam.”

In a circle of niches, below the platform on which the saint stands, are life-sized statues of his immediate disciples, and Abbots of Clairvaux, the monastery which he established.

Because St. Bernard wrote musical verse as well as musical prose, he is often confounded with another Burgundian monk of the same name, who never attained to the honor of canonization—Bernard of Cluny. This second Bernard was a different order of man from his namesake, not nobly born, not celebrated for learning, wisdom, power, or any of the things that make men great. And yet, at this day, his name is better known over Christendom, and his memory is held in tenderer veneration than that of his canonized brother monk. The legacy of

his Latin hymns is one of the rich possessions of the Church; for, to what part of the civilized world can one go, and yet get beyond the strains of "Jerusalem the Golden," "Jerusalem, my happy home," and "O Mother, dear Jerusalem," all of which are taken from his "*Laus Patriæ Cœlestis*," and his "*Urbs beata Hirusalem*." It is strange that when the writing of hymns was so rare a thing in the old times, two hymnists of the same name should be contemporaries in the same Côte d'Or of Burgundy. We did not find that Bernard of Cluny was buried in or near Dijon, but the "golden country" must have exercised some rhythmic influence on them both.

Dijon itself is worth saying a word about. It has a few wide streets, as is the case with all European capitals. This is a feature of these old cities, that has everywhere taken us by surprise. There are multitudes of narrow streets in them all, so narrow indeed, and crooked, that in going about among them, our drivers are constantly in the habit of cracking their whips as loudly as possible on entering one, to give warning that no carriage must enter at the other end till they are through, as to pass one another would be an impossibility. One could almost shake hands from opposite windows. The great Broadway

of Dijon throws into insignificance the width of our New York Broadway, or indeed that of any American city I know of. It is gay with shops, and there is an air of bustle and business about them all. It is a great wine depot for all Burgundy.

Nothing could exceed the brightness, the gaiety, the *nonchalance* of this central street, as we saw it under gaslight. The French are the least seclusive people in the world: to use James Russell Lowell's word,—they are the most “dis-privacied” of all nations. All their household occupations go on at the edge of the *trottoir*, under the eye of every passer-by. They breakfast, lunch, and sup out at their own open doors; the men smoke, drink their *vin ordinaire*, and read their newspaper there; the women gossip, and patch, and darn, and discipline their children out of doors. We had evidence of this in abundance in our strolls. Everywhere there were family groups, the father hobnobbing in the full tide of *camaraderie* with half a dozen boon companions, and as many bottles between them; on his knee a little two-year-old, who had fallen asleep there; walking up and down on the pavement, the bare-headed mother, with a tiny baby in her arms, whom she was singing to sleep with

a French lullaby, and two or three older children, trolling their playthings under the feet of the passers-by. Tubs, with little trees of arbor-vitæ, cedar, and various kinds of evergreens, lined the pavement's edge; sometimes there would be two rows of such tubs, and between them the domestic party, occupying themselves with all the freedom which *we* are accustomed to indulge in within walls, and behind close-shut doors. Yet anything more orderly, and more reasonably quiet, and evincing more homely comfort and happiness, we never saw in any city streets.

St. Bernard is not the only great man closely associated with Dijon. The court preacher of Louis XIV., Bossuet, was born here. But we could find no trace of his birthplace or his grave. This, too, was the birthplace of Crebillon; but we were able to discover nothing of him. We found many handsome public buildings and old historic places, which had more or less interest for us. But much as we might care to ransack these old memorial spots of the past, and to decipher half-obliterated Latin inscriptions of princes and dukes, who held wide sway in their time, the reader will thank me for not compelling him to thread these old streets, and grope these dusty aisles.

As it is, we will turn our backs to-morrow upon this quaint old city, and this Frenchiest of French provinces, with pleasant memories of our stroll about its streets and environs; most agreeably impressed with the gayety and apparent happiness and contentment of its outdoor-living inhabitants.

THE BEST THING IN PARIS.

WE have been going up and down, and through and through, this gay, beautiful, and wicked city, until our eyes are weary with seeing, our ears with hearing, and our minds with searching for expressions of admiration that shall not be outworn and commonplace. We have driven about the festive streets in our brisk little *voitures*, till we have grown utterly tired of the splendid shop-windows, so characteristic of Parisian life; outside, all grandeur and glitter; inside, almost nothing that would indicate a shop; a bit of a counter, a few boxes, a chair or two, and a French woman, with the typical black hair and eyes, long, straight nose, and somewhat insignificant chin.

We have visited the grand churches that seem little more suggestive of reverence and worship than the splendid Academy of Music at the end of Rue de l'Opera; we have walked the galleries of the Louvre, till we have grown bewildered with Murillos, Correggios, Del Sartos, Rembrandts, Rubenses, and the works of scores of

other masters. We have wandered through the intricacies of the Bois de Boulogne; we have sat in the Sainte Chapelle; we have listened to the bell of the Saint Germain du Roi, whose tongue gave the signal for the beginning of the slaughter of St. Bartholomew; we have strolled, somewhat disgusted, along the galleries of the Luxembourg, striving not to see how little regard the living artists of France have for the proprieties of life. We have spent hours and hours searching out the wonders of Versailles, marvelling at the madness with which the money of the French people had there been squandered, and finding in its reckless splendors almost a full excuse for the French Revolution. We have grown sentimental over poor Marie Antoinette, her Petit-Trianon, her Swiss cottage, and her other royal toys. Truth to tell, we have seen the most in the way of shows and sights, pictures and statuary, parks and gardens, that Paris has to display to her thousands of visitors; and yet, after all these had been visited, we had not seen the best thing in Paris.

We were sitting on one of the balconies of our pretty hotel, looking down with a despairing sort of sorrow upon the street below, where all the shops were open, and a brisker traffic was going on than is even common to a week-day, for it

was Sunday afternoon. The pavements were thronged with gay passers in their holiday attire, and at the doors of every glittering shop was the inevitable little circular, white-topped table, with its group of men and women, sipping *vin ordinaire*, eating grapes, and smoking cigarettes. The people all looked happy and at their ease, and had it not been Sunday, the sight would have been an attractive one. Just then the Professor stepped upon the balcony, and handed me a card of invitation to one of the McAll Mission meetings, in the Rue de St. Honorè, at five o'clock. We determined at once to accept it, and were soon pressing our way through the gay crowds to the place indicated.

We found at the door a very earnest, elderly man, whom we had met the week before at Lucerne, with his hand full of leaflets, which he was offering to every passer who seemed inclined to stop. We entered the room used as a chapel, directly from the street—a rather low-browed, very plain apartment, as simply furnished for the purposes of worship as it could well be. (We were afterwards told that a zealous knot of ladies in Philadelphia pay ten thousand francs a year for the rent of this room, for the use of the McAll Mission.)

When we entered, we found the room about half full of French people, of the *bourgeois* class, not by any means, however, of the poorest sort. There was an occasional bareheaded woman; for all women of the artisan class go bonnetless to church and everywhere else—and here and there a man in the universal blue blouse; but we were glad to observe that almost all were just such people as we had left walking the streets, and laughing and chatting at the shop doors. Some eager English ladies were busily going about, seating the incomers, and supplying them with little French hymn-books, filled with translations of Moody and Sankey hymns. There was a small cabinet organ, at which another English lady presided; and a simple desk on a slightly raised platform, answered as a pulpit. In a little while the room was entirely filled, and true to the moment of appointment, three French ministers entered, and took their places on the platform. I had never heard a French minister preach, and had never understood the wonderful power which Adolph Monod used to exercise, twenty-five years ago, over the Professor, who was accustomed to hear him in the Oratoire. But I learned his secret yesterday. French preaching and French oratory are en-

tirely different from that of other nationalities; and have a power, a piquancy, a *verve* of their own, quite in contrast with all that to which we had been accustomed. Perhaps there were peculiar reasons why we should enjoy this intensely fervid French eloquence.

The short opening prayer was electric in its earnestness. One saw instantly that the speaker threw himself, with all the fervor of his Gallic nature, into the service. And when he gave out the hymn, repeating a stanza at a time, with lifted hand, and eyebrows knit with the intensity of his pleading tone, a subdued thrill appeared to sway the audience. There seemed real eloquence in these simple utterances:

“Viens, ame qui pleure,
Viens a ton Saveur ;
Dans tes tristes heures,
Dis-lui ta douleur.
Fais tout bas ta plainte
A ce bon Jesus.
Parle-lui sans crainte,
Et ne pleure plus.”

Not one voice was silent. When he took his text—“*Le sang de son Fils Jesus Christ, nous purifie de tout péché*”—and rang it in his clear voice over and over again, he seemed the very embodiment of intense persuasiveness. He was a typical

Frenchman, the black hair combed straight up from his forehead, the dark penciled eyebrow, the burning eyes, the straight nose, the mobile mouth, the rapid play of feature, the restless hands, every finger of which seemed capable of conveying some different phase of expression, the entire *abandon* of the whole man, flinging himself, like a strong swimmer, into the depths of a foaming current, and breasting it with a self-forgetfulness that concerned itself only with the point to be reached; and that was, that every soul before him should feel the force of the expression to which he constantly turned—“*Le sang de son Fils Jesus Christ, nous purifie de tout péché.*” No one who listened could doubt for a moment that the speaker felt every word that he was endeavoring, with such tender vehemence, to impress upon his audience.

The minister who followed him, in a short exhortation of fifteen minutes, was a type of the same mercurial eloquence, which seems to be the kind best fitted to sway the French mind. He was an eminently handsome man, and I have rarely ever seen in the pulpit, such grace of manner and movement, combined with such an utter absence of self-consciousness. If the French Protestant Church can boast many such min-

isters, we do not know why it should not have a second Reformation greater than that inaugurated by Calvin and Farel. Every hair of his black head seemed instinct with action; and he at least produced upon the minds of us Americans, who are schooled to a calmer sort of eloquence, the feeling that he aimed to have every soul before him brought to submit to the Gospel of Christ that very afternoon. Delightful singing followed, in which all the audience, bonnetless women, men in blue blouses, even the little sabotted children, joined with a heartiness that was calculated to make one hope that the persuasions of the ministers had had their full effect. Still another short address followed, and if I had not been so magnetized by the two speakers who had gone before, I should have been as fully moved by the rapid, passionate utterance, the vivid picturing, and the eager tones of this last speaker, all varying somewhat from those which had preceded them, but still of the same general type. It seemed to us that we had heard more to stir men's souls in that small chamber, on the Rue St. Honoré, than in all the grand cathedral services we had elsewhere attended.

As we went out, we were presented at the door

to the son of the Hon. Baptist Noel, who is one of that band of enthusiastic Englishmen who are working with Mr. McAll in his noble efforts to evangelize France.

As we walked back to our hotel through the gay crowds of thoughtless Sabbath-breakers, we could not forbear turning to each other, and saying: "Surely we have just seen the best thing in Paris!"

THE CRYPTS OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

WHAT a quaint, mouldy old city is this capital of the ancient kingdom of Canturia, or Kent! We were prepared for antiquity on the Continent, which led us as far back as the beginning of the Christian era, and indeed to periods that greatly fore-dated it; but England, the land of our own ancestors, had seemed comparatively modern; and yet this antique city was the ancient *Durrovernum*, the capital of King Ethelbert's dominions, where A.D. 596, St. Augustine baptized the Saxon king, and ten thousand of his subjects.

We drove through a very narrow street to the door of what we were told was the best inn of the city, but finding it too crowded to admit us, the landlord sprang upon the box beside our driver and said he would guide us to another inn of which he was part proprietor. He landed us at the *Fleur de Lis*, where we read, carved above the door, "Founded 1402." It is impossible to give any adequate description of such a

marvellous pile of old chimney-stacks and tiled roofs of every imaginable angle and curve which we saw from our windows as we overlooked the court-yard. They were grimy with age, and seemed tottering to their fall. As we tried to catch a glimpse of the sky over them, we were quite disposed to persuade ourselves that they were indeed built a hundred years before America was discovered. The air of antiquity here is more pronounced than in any other city of Britain.

We do not wonder that the English hold their archiepiscopal city in such reverence. The spot is one to which even travellers from a distant land make truer pilgrimages than were made in Chaucer's day. Here Christianity placed its first foothold in Britain. This very Cathedral of Canterbury holds within its circuit, what was once the royal palace of the first Saxon king who embraced Christianity: and St. Martin's, the old, low-browed, ivied church, just beyond the city's precincts, was the first church erected to the worship of the true God in the British Isles.

We had a delightful stroll through the old streets, just as the waning sun was deepening the shadows under the curious overhanging stories of the quaint houses, and making the queer angles and recesses look still more an-

cient. The very shops seemed to belong to some dim, distant epoch; their contents looked so very old-fashioned; and the people who filled the streets, seemed the remnants of some former generation; all except the brisk, young red-coated soldiers, who swarmed in unusual numbers.

In the ancient days, the city had four great arched gateways, which marked the boundaries of its walls. We passed out through the archway of Westgate, for of course the city now extends far beyond these limits. It is a handsome pile still, quite imposing in its vastness. It is very odd to observe the stolidity of the common people in England, and the ignorance they manifest of their immediate surroundings. I cannot tell how many people we addressed before we could find the name of the rapid little river beyond Westgate, which still maintains the character given it by the old chronicler who writes of it in St. Augustine's time. We had forgotten that it was the Stour, as also had the people whom we questioned, if they ever knew.

At a late hour, we sauntered by gaslight in another direction, and found the streets gay with the population that was abroad, enjoying the beautiful night. People across the water

have a free-and-easy *insouciance* in the streets, that is quite novel to Americans; the women and the men stroll about without bonnets or hats, the former generally with their children about them, at least the ubiquitous baby everywhere in arms. The artisan class seem not to live within doors, an hour more than they can help; all kinds of work are carried on *al fresco*. Consequently there is a far greater degree of health among them, than with us—a robustness, and rotundity, and color, in striking contrast with our pale and waspish laboring people.

The Cathedral was our main point of interest, and we intended on the morrow to give up a delicious day to its thorough exploration. But who can count on English sunshine? It was pouring when we rose, and continued to pour relentlessly throughout the day. However, once under cover of the Cathedral, it did not matter very much. We attended service in the choir, conducted by four Canons, who were led in and out, and up and down, by a verger, or whatever his official title might be, who held before him a golden rod, some four or five feet in length. The Canons did not move without this badge of office being carried before them. The singing of the choristers, of whom there was an unusually large

number, was very fine. But it seemed a "waste of the ointment" to have all these Canons, and beadles, and choristers, and fifty gaslights for a meagre congregation of fifteen or twenty people, all of whom were American tourists, except five, who seemed to belong to Canterbury itself.

After the close of the service, the official of the golden rod assumed the *rôle* of guide, and we made a most satisfactory tour of the grand old pile. Although it is the cathedral church of the "Primate of all England," it is far less splendid in its architecture, its carvings, its stained glass, and its other appointments than many of the other cathedrals which we had visited. It is less impressive than Westminster, Durham, or York Minster. Its vast nave and aisles are divided in such a way as to diminish their size, and one does not anywhere get a true conception of their extent.

With due reverence we paused at the tomb of the Black Prince, and, as in duty bound, mused for a moment on his chivalry and early death. But one cannot be very sorry over anybody who has been dead six hundred years. We climbed the short flight of worn marble steps to the spot on which had rested, for three hundred years, the gorgeous shrine of Thomas à Becket. These

stairs are deeply worn by the knees of pilgrims who crept up them from the time of his death, 1170, till after the Reformation, when, in order to break up the traditionary miraculous power of the shrine, it was necessary to dismantle it. If the Canterbury pilgrims of former ages went up on their knees, we, irreverent American pilgrims, dared to make the ascent in waterproofs and goloshes. One of our party indulged in a bit of merriment that we fear would have been rather shocking to the good archbishop had he witnessed it. We had been at a relic-shop, near the Cathedral, and had furnished ourselves with various memorials—porcelain plaques and cups and such things. The Professor remembered friends at home, who, as he thought, had an undue reverence for everything Anglican, particularly everything connected with the old cathedral worship. Devoutly, therefore, and with a gravity becoming a faithful member of the Roman Catholic Church, he deposited his relics upon the spot where the shrine of Thomas à Becket had so long been. When we entered the little chapel where Becket was murdered, and were shown the stone which the head of the martyr struck, as he was stabbed by the assassin, with controlled seriousness the small vessels and

platters were again laid, first one side, then the other, on the centre bit of blue stone, which had been stained by his blood. We descended to the crypts, where we were shown, immediately under the shrine, the broad slab under which the bones of Becket have for these hundreds of years peacefully reposed. Here for the third and last time the relics were reverently laid, then carefully wrapped up, with all the acquired sanctity about them that the act thrice gone through could impart, ready now to be carried home to indulge the Anglo-mania which our traveller was disposed to make game of. So seriously had all this been done, that some of our fellow-tourists were nudging each other, amused at the devoutness of this good Roman Catholic, so that in the end, our sham Romanist had to explain himself.

The most interesting portion of the crypts is that which was set apart by Queen Elizabeth for some of the persecuted Huguenots who sought refuge in England, after the massacre of St. Bartholomew. They were silk-weavers, and she allowed them to erect their looms here, and by the dim light of the sunken barred windows carry on their trade. We saw the rusty grates that had been put up for their comfort, just as they

left them. We thought how these cloistered passages had echoed to the hymns of the noble exiles—how these walls had heard their prayers, and witnessed their tears as they wept over those who had died for their religion, in the streets of the gay, wicked city left behind them. At the same time that Queen Elizabeth offered these crypts as a refuge for the Huguenots, she allowed a portion to be partitioned off as a chapel for their worship; and from that day until the present, this same chapel has been used for the service of the French Protestant Church, which still exists in Canterbury, maintained through all this long period by the descendants of these same French silk-weavers. A couple of small windows opened inward to the crypts where the looms had once stood. By stepping upon some blocks of stone, conveniently placed, we had a fair view of this most interesting place of worship, which was neatly and appropriately furnished. Our guide had no control over this portion of the crypts; so we did not effect an entrance. But it seemed holy ground, and there were some of us who felt quite disposed in our Protestant enthusiasm, to carry our little Canterbury relics and devoutly lay them on the reading-desk of the dim chapel, where for more than

three hundred years, God's pure worship had been so strictly maintained.

Canterbury Cathedral is full of historic tombs of some of the most eminent of English worthies; but to catalogue these, would be but to furnish guide-book information, and that we carefully eschew. There is a grand memorial window to dear good Dean Alford, whose beautiful life wore away so serenely, in the Close near by. In a little chapel nearly opposite the Dean's window, is another window of fine stained glass, erected by Dean Stanley, a memorial of his tour in the Holy Land with the Prince of Wales. The long vestibule or cloister, by which the Cathedral proper is approached, is lined with the statues and tombs of former archbishops and incumbents. We sat down on the stone benches, and recalled the lives of some, whose commentaries and writings we had read, till we grew silent and subdued, under tender and pathetic memories, and were ready at length to go back to our ancient inn, like true and worthy Canterbury Pilgrims.

THE HEART OF ENGLAND.

"COME and see us," wrote our kind friends, the Charles Kingsleys, two or three years ago. "Come and see us in Warwickshire, where you will find us in an old Tudor mansion, wainscotted with black oak, and rich in secret stairways and dark closets. Come, and every step shall be on historic ground; for we live in the very heart of England."

So here we are in Shakespeare's country, with Kenilworth, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick Castle, Guy's Cliff, Charlecote, Stoneleigh Abbey, Coombe Abbey, Edge Hill, Rugby, and Coventry—all within easy drives of this pretty watering-place of Leamington. Yes, as Rose Kingsley said, this is the very heart of England, both geographically and historically.

We came here two or three days ago through Derbyshire, where we turned aside to visit Chatsworth, mainly because it is considered the most elegant mansion-house in Britain. I will not weary you, who are looking over my shoulder, with a catalogue of its splendors, for many a

tourist has described them before; but I feel an American's inclination to fling a gibe at his grace the Duke of Devonshire, for not keeping in his employ better-mannered lackeys. We think it impossible that any English tourist should be so treated on the estate of an American gentleman, as were some of our party by the servants of his Grace; for, although the Duke is one of the richest men in England, he condescends to accept about fifteen thousand dollars a year, at least, according to the computation we made, of the fees taken from us and our one hundred fellow-tourists. Yet we were obliged to walk in the rain from the grand gilded gateways to the mansion, because, as the attendant, gorgeous in the Duke's livery, told us, no umbrellas were allowed to be carried upon the fine portico. As we ascended the steps we saw a stack of them there.

"I should like to know," flashed Anna—her black eyes full of republican indignation, and her manner commanding enough to quash the lackey, plush breeches, silver-laced coat, cockade, and all—"why you dared compel us to walk thus far in the rain. See, here are plenty of umbrellas."

The lackey was overpowered, and meekly said:

"Madam, it was pouring when these people came, and I hadn't the heart to take their umbrellas from them."

Two or three hours afterward, I had myself, an experience of singular discourtesy. Waiting under the great archway till the rest of our party, who were wandering over the grounds in the rain, should join us, we were so incommoded by the wet, that we sought refuge on the steps of the porter's lodge, from which we were ordered to retire, as it was contrary to rule for visitors to stand there. Of course we scorned to accept such grudging hospitality; but the Professor was content to swallow the insolence, for the sake of his delicate wife, and went back to the lodge-keeper, greased his palm well with silver, and so I had leave to sit an hour at his comfortable coal-fire.

We are told that Chatsworth officials are famous for such doings.

Everything is on a very grand scale there. The hall, the drawing-rooms, stairways, chapel, boudoirs, and galleries are very superb. The armor and weapons of war are without number, the bric-a-brac of the richest description. The picture-gallery is disappointing, but Grinling Gibbons' carvings are so superlative, that I don't believe Cellini himself ever did better. Gibbons,

you know, was the best carver in wood England ever produced. A sportsman's meshed bag, filled with game, excited our wonder, wrought out as it was, with the most lifelike finish to the least feather.

I promised not to write of Chatsworth, but you see how its beauties have witched me; but, to be partially true to my word, I will say nothing of the splendid terraced walks alive with statues, or the long sliding cascades, or the greenhouses with their four miles' drive in the centre, or the Victoria Regia with its great marble tank, or the immense park with its twelve hundred head of deer. Nor will I even pause to speak of the thirteen years of captivity which fell to the lot of Marie Stuart under the roof of the ancient Chatsworth.

Leamington may be called the Saratoga of England, and is as pleasant a watering-place as one need to wish to spend the summer at. Its saline springs are in great repute, and its close neighborhood to so many points of interest, makes it most convenient for the tourist's headquarters. It is full of first-class hotels. The one at which we are staying, has every inside comfort, as well as beautiful grounds, statues, fountains, walks, and flowers. There are streets and streets of

detached villas, with pretty gardens about them, bearing over their arched gateways all manner of high-sounding names—Grosvenor Grange, Duncombe Lodge, Ashleigh House, etc.

Yesterday we drove over to Kenilworth, passing on our way Stoneleigh Abbey. I am afraid I should weary you if I tried to impart something of the enthusiasm we felt in wandering over these noble ruins. The situation of Kenilworth is very fine. Nothing I had read, had given me an idea of the high natural terrace on which it stands, commanding a view of remarkable beauty and extent. How the old Saxons of Knight Kenelm's day seemed to rise before us! How vividly the haughty Leicester sprang to view as we walked up and down the long banquet-hall! And as we sat half dreaming in the sunshine, among the sweetbriers and ivy and buttercups of the great velvet-turfed court-yard, we needed but to close our eyes and let fancy bring before us the pageant of its ancient splendor.

One is amazed at the immense extent of these ruins, and the fine preservation of parts of them. We saw our faces reflected from the deep waters of the well. We groped through the old wine-vaults. We sat in the roofless audience-hall; we looked out of the windows of the banquet-room,

and asked vain questions of the noisy rooks, who seemed to resent our presence. The grounds about the castle are beautifully kept, and we entered the premises through a walled pathway gorgeous with flowers. "The King's Arms," a quaint little inn in the village, has its associations also. Two of us stayed there overnight, and were shown the room where Sir Walter lodged for three months, while he was writing "Kenilworth." There were his bed, his table, his chair, and all his little belongings, preserved with great pride and care. The bright-looking servant-maid, when asked about the chamber bearing Sir Walter's name on the door, knew nothing about it, but said, when Jeanette made inquiry, "The mistress will be able to tell the lady"—which the mistress did. Could a bright-witted Americanized "Biddy" have remained in such ignorance?

We drove over to Stratford-on-Avon one morning, to steep ourselves in Shakespearian memories. A more golden summer day we could not have asked. We took Guy's Cliff and Charlecote on our way, but were too eager for Stratford to spend much time on these intermediate places. The most noticeable thing at Guy's Cliff was the long avenue of ancient trees, many of them now

mere trunks, which led from the gateway to the castellated entrance. Charlecote is only interesting as having been the home of Sir Thomas Lucy, who would probably never have been heard of outside Warwickshire, but for that mythical poaching affair. The house has a comparatively modern appearance, but the groups of deer scattered about the wooded park—were they not lineal descendants of the herd among which Will Shakespeare poached,—if indeed he ever poached at all?

How Stratford surprised us! We expected to see a quaint little mediæval town, with overhanging gables and Tudor chimney-stacks; and behold! here is a thriving, busy place, full of trade, with gas, and telegraph wires, and railway stations, and seven thousand inhabitants—nothing mediæval about it save Shakespeare's house, the old church, and the very primitive inn to which we were guided mainly, as it seemed, because Washington Irving's chair was there, and as Americans we would be sure to want to see it. But when we reached the inn, we found that it had nothing to commend it beyond the chair.

Of course we took our pilgrim-way to the house in which Shakespeare was born; and surely a lowlier roof never sheltered the head of genius. It seems something beyond belief that the most

cosmopolitan mind of the world, the least circumscribed of human intellects, the widest-natured man that ever lived, should be nurtured to manhood within the narrow walls of such a lowly home. The house is public property now, and is guarded in its primitive condition with the utmost care. Here are collected all the available relics of the poet—a chair in which he used to sit, his signet ring, his will, the editions of his works that came out during his life, a drinking-cup sent him by Ben Jonson, his Bible, his autograph, his knives, his purse, and a hundred belongings beside. Many of these relics are of very questionable authenticity.

I stood in the room where he first drew breath, with a sort of awe and wonder; for by standing on tiptoe I could touch its roof. I pressed the floor with reverence, because the well-worn oaken planks were the very same over which his childish feet had pattered; and I sat on the stone settle in the broad, rude fireplace, where I felt sure he had sat many a time musing and meditating. But I could not sit there long; for sweet Ann Page tipped me on the shoulder; and The Merry Wives chatted in the kitchen; and Jack Falstaff roared out his fun; and Hamlet stalked by in his cloak; and Macbeth wrung his hands; and Romeo raved over his love; and the brain

creations of this greatest of human masters, so thronged the meagre room, and so choked me with emotion, that, like King Lear, I had to turn and say, "Undo this button!"

"New Place," the home Shakespeare built for himself after his final return from London, has nothing remaining but its firm foundation-walls, which are all protected by a netting of strong iron-wire; and it is only second in interest to the house in which he was born; for it was the one in which he died.

I will not ask you to go to the church with me, to stand by the marble slab, or look up at the painted marble bust; for a thousand emotions have been poured out over them, and so I spare you mine.

The day was exhausted before we finished our Avon ramblings, so that we were disappointed in getting over to Shottery.

"Ann Hathaway—she hath a way." And for Ann's sake, we would like to have seen the old cottage where Will Shakespeare courted her—to have sat upon the ancient oaken settle, upon which the lovers are said to have sat together, and to have gathered roses from the bushes, whose progenitors, we could readily persuade ourselves, had often yielded their clusters to the witching hand that tied up poor Ophelia's nosegays.

AN AFTERNOON AT KENILWORTH.

THE English sun shone soft and bright,
The English fields were gay;
And Kenilworth, with sky and earth,
Seemed keeping holiday.

We wandered round the ruined walls;
The tilting-ground we trod,
And gathered there the daisies fair,
That starred the velvet sod.

We sought the turret-chamber out
Where Amy Robsart slept;
There trailed a screen of ivy green
Where she had watched and wept.

Fair troops of girls from over seas,
Made laughter seem divine;
As each and all danced up the hall
Where Leicester drank his wine.

A tourist with his strap and scrip,
Bent o'er the mossy well,
And dived to see what mystery
The sunken vaults could tell.

A gray-haired wanderer sat and mused,
With chin upon his staff;
A spiral stair, that led nowhere,
Sent back a school-boy's laugh.

I sat apart with brooding eyes,
And introspective thought;
And sweet and clear, now far, now near,
A bugle's sound I caught.

I heard the din of arquebus,
The trampling cavalcade,
The clash and clank of chain and plank,
The lowering drawbridge made.

And in I saw the proud Queen Bess
Upon her palfrey ride,
And Leicester dight like royal knight,
Careering at her side.

As on they swept across the court,
So gallant and so fair,
Amid the rout I gazed about
To search for Amy there.

Just then the sad Tressilian passed,
With but a moment's halt:
Wild "Flibberty" I seemed to see
Turning a somersault.

And when I asked him if he saw
The Lady Amy pass,
With saucy perk he gave a jerk,
And tumbled on the grass.

I heard the trembling Amy steal
Adown the turret stair,
And hasten through the early dew,
Into the Pleasaunce fair.

I watched her through the grotto glide,
Behind the coppiced screen;
And when with talk, along the walk,
Came Leicester with the Queen,—

A girl as fair as Amy's self
Here broke upon my trance,
And put to rout with merry shout,
My vision of romance.

“Why ! we've been wandering up and down
And searching for an hour;
And find you now asleep, I vow,
In Amy Robsart's tower !”

Her mirthful voice dissolved the spell
(More potent than the Earl's),
And looking round, I only found
A band of saucy girls.

The sun was hastening down the west,
And from the crannied nooks,
I heard the caws of noisy daws,
And saw the wheeling rooks.

But on Sir Walter's pictured page,
Sweet Amy did not seem
To walk again in life, as when
She crossed my waking dream.

A BAZAAR AT WARWICK CASTLE.

WARWICK CASTLE is, perhaps, the finest specimen of a feudal fortress that remains in England. Ancient and vast as it is, its great walls and towers are in a state of perfect preservation, and give evidence of that superior workmanship in stone which was such a characteristic of the Middle Ages. Compared with its antique splendor, the magnificent showiness of Chatsworth, seems too spic-and-span; and we concluded that we would not be willing to exchange the grand group of cedars of Lebanon (brought seven hundred years ago from the Holy Land by the Crusaders,—whose pendant branches sweep the windows of the noble dining-hall), for scores of acres out of the vast park of the Duke of Devonshire.

Every reader of English history knows that Warwick Castle was founded by the daughter of Alfred, though a few antiquarians insist upon it that Cæsar had something to do with its establishment. However that may be, the oldest part of the castle is the great Cæsar Tower—a most venerable piece of antiquity. The Sir Guy,
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whose memory is so bound up with the early history of the castle, was its first duke. He was a contemporary of Alfred, and many mementoes of him still remain in and about the castle. We visited with interest Guy's Cliff—where the old giant lived like a hermit for some years before his death—and greatly admired its long avenue of ancient oaks.

The approach to the castle is through the quaint old town of Warwick. The walls which surround it are as ponderous almost as those around Windsor Castle, and the gray old buildings elbow them just as we were surprised to see them doing at Windsor. It would seem that even royalty and nobility have never been able wholly to keep the democracy at a distance. We entered through the old stone archway, and paused to examine the iron-toothed portcullis under which we passed. The moat still surrounds the castle, but is filled with greensward and flowers. The approach inside the gate is by a broad avenue more than a hundred yards in length, cut through the solid rock some twenty feet high, so embowered over at the top as to exclude the sunlight. A more impressive introduction to the old feudal pile could not be imagined.

It will be remembered that some dozen years ago a fire broke out in the castle, destroying thirty-three rooms. No trace of the fire is visible now. Restoration and rich greenery have wiped out even its scars. The Great Hall is, perhaps, the most interesting feature of the interior. Its proportions are very vast; so much so, that the great cavernous fireplace, on whose immense dog-irons a whole cord of wood was piled, while another entire cord was placed on a barrow beside the huge hearth, seemed to occupy so little of its space as scarcely to arrest our attention.

What a museum of antiquities is this Great Hall! Here are full suits of armor of every description, from the tenth century down, placed, like regiments of Crusaders, against and along the wall. Here are Sir Guy's helmet, spear, sword, and buckler, of such prodigious proportions as make one quite willing to believe in his Goliath height; his porridge-pot, which holds twenty gallons, and other belongings. Helmets, suits of armor, shields, swords, worn by great historic personages, from Sir Guy's day, down to that of James II., lined the hall. We examined with special interest, the armor worn by Cromwell, and the Doctor aspired to try on his helmet. The hall and the great drawing-room are very rich in

Venetian chandeliers, buhl tables, ormolu cabinets, antique vases, and bronzes; but, above all, are they grand with pictures. The finest collection of Van Dycks that exists is found in Warwick Castle. All the beauty and chivalry of the reign of Charles I. seem to look down upon one from the walls. The grand picture of Charles on his white charger, is placed with such fine effect at the end of a long gallery, that one feels like getting out of the way of the fiery steed. But I will pass by the pathetic portraits of Henrietta and her sad husband, and multitudes of others that captivated us, and not attempt to catalogue "the silvery Van Dyck." Nor will I linger over the great Warwick vase, and the amusing rigmarole of the lame old flunkey, who went over and over the history of the vase, beginning at the first word of his well-learned bit of rote, as often as G—— mischievously interrupted him, with such barbarous mouthings of the Latin names as provoked us to laughter difficult to conceal.

Two of our party were fortunate enough to be present at a charity bazaar, given in the park, which the rest of us were sorry to have missed, inasmuch as it would have given us a pleasant glimpse of the Warwickshire gentry, with the

modifying admixture of all the Duke's tenantry. They described it to us as the prettiest Watteau picture they had seen in all their many sojournings heretofore in England.

A fly brought them to the castle gate at the appointed hour; and they were soon in the midst of a gay crowd of elegantly dressed women, who, with their cavaliers, were moving about among the flowers and shrubbery of the beautiful grounds. The tenantry of the estate seemed to have as much the freedom of the park as the gentry; and they were scattered about, under the trees, on the many rustic benches, enjoying themselves after their own fashion, while their children were rollicking on the grass. Pretty booths were erected on the green turf for fruits, flowers, ices, and creature-comforts of all sorts; for this afternoon, eating was to be a religious duty, and the money it was to bring in, was to go to the restoration of the ancient parish church. Restoration is the form which the charity of England seems everywhere to assume. The first object that invariably met our eye, in parish church and cathedral, was the alms-box begging for money to "restore" the building. There were other booths, filled with beautiful fancy things; and Jeanette, wishing to contribute her

quota to the charity in hand, entered one of these fancy-booths. A tall, gracious-looking lady, of about forty-five, very plainly dressed in black, advanced with marked cordiality to meet her. (*We* were nowise surprised that our Jeanette should arrest her eye with her stately presence.) She begged that she might have the pleasure of waiting upon her, and began to show her the pretty things. Jeanette was in search of a peacock-fan, and this led to a pleasant discursive talk about peacocks. We had observed in the park, white peacocks, a species we had never seen before; and the lady went on to tell her customer, of the varieties and numbers kept about the castle. While she was supplying her purchaser's wants, she was constantly interrupted by distinguished-looking people coming up, and, with rather impressive greetings, making inquiries after her health. But she was too intent upon her *rôle* of saleswoman to allow herself to be detained long by any of them.

"And now," she said, as she delivered Jeanette's package, "let me sell you a ticket or two for a raffle which is to come off shortly—a pretty picture which it may be worth your while to make a venture for," she went on to say, with a most persuasive smile.

Jeanette met her pleasant entreaty with a courteous declinature on the score that she was a traveller, even then on her way to the Continent.

"Ah!" persisted the lady, coaxingly, "it will be an easy thing to carry it over seas with you, supposing you to be the fortunate winner of the picture; for, of course, I know you to be an American. And would it not be a pleasant reminder to you, in your new country, of our old castle here?"

Such pressure being brought to bear upon our American, she felt called upon, not to seem ungracious, to explain why she declined to take the tickets.

"In my country, many people object to raffling for religious or charitable purposes; and I have known frequently, of considerable sums being refused which were the proceeds of raffles, lotteries, and even charity balls. You will allow me to say, that I happen to share this prejudice, as you may term it, of my country people."

"How much you surprise me!" said the lady, with unaffected interest. "How, then, do you ever realize anything at your charity bazaars? Why, if we gave up our raffling system, our bric-a-brac and all such pretty trash would go a-begging for purchasers! It is the excitement of the raffle that stimulates our buyers."

"On the contrary," said Jeanette, "we find that we take in more money since we have abandoned this way of making it."

"And you really think it wrong?" persisted the lady, eagerly—"wrong to raffle when the aim is so good a one?"

"Yes, we object to the principle involved; and we really think the gain is all on our side. Let me give you one instance. In the city in which I live, a year ago, the proceeds of a charity ball were divided among four of the city hospitals. The one in which my church is specially interested, courteously returned the three thousand dollars sent, on this ground of principle. A few days after, the sum of five thousand dollars was sent to the trustees, in acknowledgment of their adherence to what the donor thought was their right action."

"And yet," the lady replied, "you have no Established Church, nor governmental help for your charities and churches! This is so new and strange to me." And she asked to have the points clearly restated to her.

By this time, the booth was well filled, and ladies were crowding around Jeanette's interlocutor; so, with apologies for having allowed the lady to occupy herself so long with the American stranger, our Jeanette bowed herself away.

When she joined her husband at the entrance of the booth, where he had been waiting for her, he said:

“Do you know that you have been gossiping for the last half-hour with her Grace, the Countess of Warwick?”

“No, I was not aware of it; but it struck me that she was treated with unusual consideration by the fine-looking gentry, who were constantly coming up with greetings. However, I am not sorry to have had this bit of talk with her, as it shows me that a countess is just as agreeable as any well-born and well-mannered American woman.”

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF WORDSWORTH.

I THINK it is the Swedish poet Tegner who says :

“ Ah, if so much of beauty pour itself
Through all the veins of life and of creation,
How beautiful must the great Fountain be,
The bright, the eternal ! ”

And his lines kept ringing in my head all the way from Windermere to Rydal Water, as we drove through the beautiful landscape the other day. The sky was brilliantly clear, and the sunshine truly American in its brightness. “ You have Queen’s weather, indeed, for your excursion,” said our kind host, as we set out from the edge of Lake Windermere, on board the little steamer, *The Swan*, for Ambleside—Wordsworth’s and Southey’s Ambleside. It is the quaintest village imaginable, cropping out from the hillside like some natural rocky formation. Wordsworth says that most of the cottages in the lake country look like native boulders, shaped by nature into some resemblance to a human dwelling, and we constantly verified his idea.

On our way to the head of the lake, Dove-Nest

was pointed out to us, half hidden amid rich coppice—a pretty cottage, where Mrs. Hemans once had her summer home: and as we passed it, I looked out for the “great, white rose-tree,” in the centre of the lawn, to which she so pathetically likened her own life.

At Ambleside we took a carriage for Grasmere, and found in our coachman a most intelligent guide. He knew every foot of the storied way—just where to stop, where the views were finest, and with the end of his whip gave interest, by what he had to tell, to every roof and chimney-pot. We wound among steep green hills, bald of trees, and strewn over with sheep-walks and mossy walls to their very tops. These hills are marvellous in shape, often sternly rugged, with little of the rich softness which characterizes the more southern shores of Lake Windermere. The roads are the perfection of roads, turfed to the edge with such turf as the Rydal Poet used to boast, it took three hundred years to produce. The variety and beauty of the wild flowers along the hedge-rows were things to wonder at. Our driver gathered for us spikes of brilliant foxglove a foot long, with flowers of a prodigious size, and columbines of the rarest beauty.

Before we reached Grasmere, we came upon the residence of Harriet Martineau, a tall house, some distance from the road. "The Knoll," as it is called, faces the lake, and is beautifully situated. Although we were no great admirers of the strong-minded woman, we looked with interest on a spot to which so many great personages had made pilgrimage, while its Egeria dispensed her wide hospitality here.

The village of Grasmere has the same gray quiet that marks the villages of all this district. We drove at once to the central spot of interest, St. Oswald's Church. As we entered its green enclosure, and looked round at the stern yet beautiful mountains, that gather lake and village into their circling embrace, I thought I never had seen so fitting a burial-place for a poet of nature. "Don't tell me," I said to Julia, as we threaded the long gravelled walk through the churchyard, "where Wordsworth lies"; for she had already made a pilgrimage to it. "Let me see if my instincts will not lead me straight there." And they did.

The Wordsworth plot is filled with family graves, with simple slabs and headstones of gray slate-stone; only one marble one among them, that of Dora Wordsworth, the wife of Edward

Quillinan, the well-known translator of the Portuguese poet Camoens. One may be forgiven a little sentiment while standing here and reading the familiar names. What stern Doric simplicity in the two lines on the slab over the poet's grave:

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
and
MARY, his wife.

We had evidence that personal interest in the poet has not yet died out; for there was a cluster of fresh roses laid upon the stone, and a manuscript copy of verses, evidently original, addressed to him, placed there also.

Dora Wordsworth's grave recalled to mind her father's tender verses, "The Triad," addressed to the daughters of the three poets—Sara Coleridge, Edith Southey, and his own Dora—all beautiful girls, worthy of the tribute paid to them in the poem.

Close by is the grave of Dorothy, the "wild-eyed sister" of Wordsworth, whom Coleridge used to speak of as the most intellectual woman he had ever known; and yet her latter years were clouded under a veil of pathetic insanity.

As I turned from the Wordsworth plot, I felt something like moisture dim my eye, as I found myself suddenly facing a circular headstone,

on which was sculptured a beautiful flower-wreathed Maltese cross, bearing the name of Hartley Coleridge. Instantly there came to mind that gray morning, when Mrs. Wordsworth sent "James"—the well-known factotum of Rydal Mount—down to the cottage of the sick man, over whose life she had had such a motherly care.

"Mistress, I think you maun go down to him; for Mr. Hartley is very bad."

So she went, and sat by the poor fellow with his hand in hers, till the sad, ineffectual life passed away.

"William," she said, on coming home, "I have promised poor Hartley that he shall be laid close beside us." And so just outside of the iron railing he lies.

We went into the antique Norman church, and read in the low porch this card, which seemed to us touching and appropriate:

"Whoever thou art that enterest this church, forbear not to put up a brief prayer for the minister and the congregation who worship here; and, above all, forget not to offer a petition for thyself."

The church is very quaint and ancient. It has a large east window of fine stained glass; and in the chancel were two very antique chairs, black

as ebony through age, with their primitive carving worn almost to smoothness. On the high back of each we read the respective dates cut in relief, A.D. 607, and A.D. 637. In one of the aisles is a monument to Wordsworth, surmounted by a life-size bust, with a long inscription testifying to his virtues as a neighbor and citizen, as well as a poet.

It pleased me to come suddenly upon a tablet, with a *bas-relievo* head, erected to Mrs. Fletcher, the beautiful and accomplished woman whose home in Edinburgh was the gathering-place, fifty years ago, for the wits and bright spirits of that classic city—in short, its Holland House. I sat down in her pew, and recalled her account of Wordsworth's death. From the windows of Lesketh How, her summer home, she could see the windows of Rydal Mount.

"Are they closed this morning, Elsie?" she asked her maid, not having courage enough to look for herself.

"Yes, mistress, all are bowed."

"Ah, well!—then he has gone!"

From a neighboring mountain tarn a sparkling beck dashes down, just outside the churchyard wall, and goes babbling on till it loses itself in the lake near by.

At the pretty little Grasmere Hotel we had a charming luncheon, and then took our carriage again to drive to Rydal Mount. On the way, we passed Nab Cottage, where Hartley Coleridge lived and died. At one point we came upon a huge pile of rocks, with rude steps cut upon one side. Here was the sacred haunt of the poet, where he used to sit for hours crooning to himself, as he made his verses. A short drive over roads as smooth as a floor, brought us to the foot of Rydal Mount. The ascent is long and steep, but the beautiful road is completely overarched with tall trees. Wordsworth's cottage (though it is a two-storied house of good dimensions) is almost hidden from view by high surrounding walls, thick hedges, and close clusters of foliage. The people of this north region seem still to hold to the idea that raids from the Picts and Scots may yet be looked for; for there is not a villa, nor dwelling of any pretension, that is not strongly garrisoned behind walls eight and sometimes ten feet high, into which admittance is only had through barred iron gates, ponderous enough to guard a drawbridge.

As this property no longer belongs to the Wordsworths, it is not open to the tourist; so we contented ourselves with peering through

the gates into the pretty grounds, and gathering a few laurel leaves in memory of him whose genius will always consecrate the place.

Our drive back to Ambleside was on the opposite side of the lake from the route we had taken in the morning, and was only a shade less picturesque and beautiful. Everything along the way recalled Wordsworth. "*We are seven*," G—— said, as we passed a cottage with a doorway full of bright-faced children. "*Goody Blakes*" were strewn along the road, and here and there we encountered that "*violet by a mossy stone*,"—some pretty "*Lucy Gray*" in the shape of a young mountain maiden. As we approached the beautiful shores of Windermere, we could not forbear quoting the poet's own words:

“ . . . A mild surprise
Did carry far into our hearts the voice
Of mountain torrents ; and the visible scene
Entered, all unawares, into our minds
With its grand solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.”

AT ST. OSWALD'S.

WITHIN the church I knelt, where many a year
Wordsworth had worshipped, while his musing
eye
Wandered o'er mountain, fell, and scaur, and sky,
That rimmed the silver circle of Grasmere,
Whose crystal held an under-world as clear
As that which girt it round ;—and questioned
why
The place was sacred for *his* lifted sigh,
More than the humble dalesman's kneeling near.

Strange spell of Genius—that can melt the soul
To reverence tenderer that o'er it falls
Beneath the marvellous heavens which God hath
made;
And sway it with such human-sweet control,
That holier henceforth seem these simple walls,
Because, within them once, a Poet prayed !

A DAY AT FURNESS ABBEY.

WE were staying last week at Bowness, on Lake Windermere, about twenty-two miles from the spot where I now write, Keswick, on Derwentwater. Bowness is one of the quaintest towns I have seen in England, and has an air of antiquity which its six or seven hundred years of age will hardly warrant. Its steep streets slope from the water's edge up to the crest of the hill, on which the pretty Crown Hotel stands, clustered over with honeysuckles and roses.

The villages in the Lake District have a peculiarity of their own, and are unlike any I elsewhere saw in England. They are built of the slaty stone that abounds in this region, and as their streets are flagged with the same, they would have a melancholy grayness were it not for the laughing brightness of the flowers, in which every little cottage nestles roof-deep. I never imagined such a riot of ivy as there is everywhere among these beautiful Cumberland and Westmoreland lakes. Every roadside cottage is covered with it to its chimney-pots; every wall clothes itself with it as with a mantle; the great

boulders, which are a marked feature in the landscape here, are green with it. Why it should grow with a rapidity and luxuriance, here, unknown to the South of England, I am not able to say.

As Bowness is a very convenient centre from which to make excursions to every part of the Lake region, I must be allowed to say a few words more about it. It lies along Lake Windermere, the largest and most beautiful of all these exquisite sheets of water that help to make this North of England one of the most delicious spots, for consummate beauty, in all the world. Certainly the three kingdoms can show nothing like it. The little cove at Bowness is at all times flashing with scores of pleasure-boats, whose crimson cushions and floating pennons give it a most brilliant appearance. Small, trim steamers constantly ply up and down the bright waters, and as they have bands on board,—pipers and fiddlers,—the tourist is constantly moving to the sound of music. One of our party, who had been up and down the lake so often that he had gotten tired of dropping sixpences into the perpetual hat, said, on one of our excursions, to the old Scotchman who passed it around, "Not another penny!" The bonneted piper meekly

took his seat, and in a little while, "The Star-spangled Banner" was struck up, and played with great vigor. When the hat for the third time made its rounds, the American heart of our companion was so stirred that all his sixpences went.

The old church at Bowness dates back five hundred years, and is a well-preserved specimen of the architecture of that period. Along the nave, quaint wooden arches spring across from the tops of the pillars, inscribed on each side with verses from Scripture in black-letter.

The east window in this church was like the one Lowell speaks of in "The Cathedral"—

"A great east window of divine surprise."

It was made of the fine stained glass rescued from Furness Abbey at its destruction, and was filled with medallion pictures, wrought with rare delicacy and feeling. Scarcely in any other stained window in England had we seen finer specimens of the art when it was in its perfection. In one of the aisles we were shown one of the few chained Bibles that yet remain in England, the chain being strong and ponderous enough to pull a cart.

One of the most delightful excursions a tourist

can make from Bowness is to Furness Abbey, which, by the help of steamer and rail, he can accomplish, and return in a day, leaving several hours on his hands for sight-seeing. We stepped on board a rapid little steamer, *The Cygnet*, and were soon flying down the lake. The beauty of the shores of Windermere is something beyond description. The cultivation of the wooded slopes is perfect, and from end to end they are studded with villas, hidden away amid their parks. No wonder that Wordsworth, and Southey, and Coleridge, and Christopher North, and Dr. Arnold, and Ruskin, seem to grow extravagant over the dream-like beauty of this scenery ! The greatest lover of Wordsworth among us insisted on quoting him at every turn, till the rest were ready to cry "Hold !"

A few miles brought us to Lakeside, the station where we took train to Furness. Its walls are so completely covered with ivy and flowering vines that it might readily be mistaken for the picturesque lodge at the entrance of a gentleman's grounds. The day was one of rare clearness; the sky held that "incommunicable blue" so seldom seen in England. We followed the windings of the river Leven through valleys steeped in verdure, down to Ulverston, thence to

the large manufacturing town of Dalton. The passage of the Ulverston Sands is robbed of all its peril now, but in the ancient times, to cross them was the only way to reach Furness Abbey. The tide washed out far inland every trace of pathway, so that no traveller, save at the risk of his life, dared to cross them without a guide. We were whirled safely over, without a thought of danger, to the door of what eight hundred years ago was the abbot's house.

The old monks had a keen eye for rich lands and picturesque sites. There is scarcely a monastic ruin in the three kingdoms that has not been chosen with an eye to these points.

The conquering Normans, too, well knew how to search out the choice spots of the realm, otherwise this little peninsula in the North of England would not have been the centre of such a grand estate as Count Stephen, of Boulogne, made over to the Cistercian monks, who, in 1127, here founded Furness Abbey.

Had Stephen ever imagined that he was to become King of England twenty years after—for at this time Prince William, son of Henry I., had not perished in the White Ship—he would perhaps have held on to his rich possessions. As it was, he gave them to the Church, in a pious

mood, in order, as he said, "to secure the salvation of his own, his wife Matilda's, and his uncle's (Henry I.) souls." The revenues from these vast possessions, arising from the fisheries, the iron and coal mines, as well as from the rich lands, enabled the Norman monks, whom Stephen transported thither, to erect a vast monastic pile, which in time became the largest in the kingdom. The abbots reigned like feudal lords, and soon lost sight of St. Bernard's strict rules for the regulation of the order. Twelve hundred armed men were kept as retainers in the Abbey, and at times the monks and the abbots themselves led scandalous lives. At the suppression of monastic houses, everything belonging to the Abbey was confiscated, and the buildings left to ruin.

The first thing that met our eyes on entering the abbot's house, now beautifully restored, and used as an inn, was an oil painting of Washington, over the door of the handsome room in which we dined. It was the only portrait of him we saw in England. The Abbey is of Norman architecture, and was built of red sandstone, which, draped as it is from top to bottom with ivy, and surrounded by park-like grounds kept in the most exquisite manner, gives it a very rich

appearance. The walls that still stand are very lofty, and several hundred feet in length. A long row of pointed windows in the clere-story still shows as faultless an outline as if the mason's chisel had left them but yesterday. Windows thirty feet high still light the transept, as perfect in form as when they were filled with stained glass seven hundred years ago. Multitudes of clustered pillars still stand in their original perfection. All the ruins, with the exception of a chapel or two, are roofless, and the long nave is carpeted with as rich a verdure as England can show. We gathered handfuls of buttercups and daisies where altar and holy-water fonts used to stand. Indeed, we dipped our hands into some of the receptacles for holy water built into the walls, with some feeling of sentiment for the countless hands that had done so before us—hands that have been dust for seven hundred years. Fine lancet windows opened from the transepts, where ancient tombs are still thickly scattered. Our guide pointed out the marble effigy of a crusader, black with age; that he belonged to the second crusade was indicated by his crossed legs. I scraped a few flakes of lichen from his helmeted head in memory of my visit.

I will not attempt to carry my reader all over this magnificent ruin. The porter's lodge, the chancel, the choir, the transepts, the nave, the lantern tower, the chapter-house, the refectory, are all more or less perfect.

We sat down on the capitals of some of the ruined pillars, which serve as seats in the beautiful cloister grounds, and gave ourselves up to delicious visions of the olden days. We could fancy that we heard chanting in the chapter-house, and it did not require much imagination, as we sat with half-closed eyes, to believe that we caught sight, now and then, of the floating robe of a Cistercian monk. Julia suggested that the multitude of rooks cawing above the ruins were the old monks come back again, only their white habits were changed to black in token of their sorrow over the changed order of things. The tinkle of the distant sheep-bells, that came borne to us on the soft wind, our day-dream easily converted into the chime of the *Angelus*. Even the bustle of a distant train seemed not greatly unlike the noise the twelve hundred armed men might sometimes have made in the court-yard. But the gay chatter of half a dozen bright young girls who had joined our party, put to flight all too soon these visions of the past.

We certainly could not mistake them for saintly lady abbesses, or white-swathed, meek-faced nuns.

Furness Abbey is now the private property of the Duke of Devonshire, and its grounds and surroundings are as perfectly kept as Chatsworth itself. Infinite pains are taken to prevent the falling of walls, and every effort made to arrest the gnawing tooth of time, so that the ruins of Furness Abbey are likely to stand in their present beautiful decay—so beautiful that they scarcely seem sad—for scores of years to come.

AROUND GRETA HALL.

WE have been driving and sauntering about this lovely spot where, for forty years, Robert Southey had his home, and in the neighborhood of which he lies buried.

Nothing could have been further from Southey's idea, when he came hither on a visit to Coleridge, who, in his vagrant way, had moored himself here for a brief period, than to choose this part of England as a permanent home; for he was a Bristol man, and loved the sights and sounds of the sea.

If it was the "malice of circumstance" that sent Coleridge drifting thither, it surely was an overruling kindness that placed Southey here, where he was left free and undisturbed to carry out the literary plans of his life, to which he adhered so rigidly. He found Greta Hall a house suited to his purpose; just sufficiently secluded to meet his ideas; the neighborhood of poet-friends and cultivated society, and scenery such as his West England eyes had never rested on before.

Coleridge, in coaxing him thither, said: "In

front we have a giants' camp, an encamped army of tent-like mountains, which, by an inverted arch, gives a view of another vale. On our right the lovely vale and the wedge-shaped lake of Bassenthwaite; and on our left, Derwentwater and Lodore full in view, and the fantastic mountains of Borrowdale. Behind us the massy Skiddaw, smooth, green, high, with two chasms, and a tent-like ridge in the larger."

And so Southey carried his Penates to Greta Hall, and hallowed the spot ever after, by its associations with one who was beyond almost all of his craft, a perfect man of letters.

No one can read Cuthbert Southey's delightful Life of his father, so enriched by its abundance of sparkling correspondence with the best minds in Britain, or the pleasant autobiographical reminiscences of Sara Coleridge, during her girlhood's life under her uncle's roof, without a keen interest in what appertains to this rarely happy literary home.

Greta Hall stands on the crest of a slope, just beyond the town of Keswick, and is so embowered in trees, that it is not easy to get a good view of it from the front. Between it and the pretty stone bridge over the Greta is—oh, the sharp irony of poetic justice!—a huge establishment

bearing in staring letters on its wall: "The Southey Lead-Pencil Manufactory." I could not but imagine the grim frown that would have clouded the poet's handsome face, could such a master of the scribbling art have had a foreshadowing of the smoky chimney-stacks, that shut out the picturesque view of the pretty town of Keswick beyond.

We strolled along the banks of the clear Greta, fringed with sweet-brier, wild marigold, and but-tercups. The path seemed to have been trodden by centuries of feet; and it was, perhaps, Southey's most familiar foot-way. We found ourselves close behind the back windows of the Hall. The stream whispers along so near the house as fairly to wash its walls; and we almost could have shaken hands with one standing in what Sara Coleridge calls one of the lordliest studies in England.

At one end of the mansion rambled the low walls of the kitchen offices, where I imagined I could see the "dear Aunt Edith" with her basket of keys, going to and fro in her careful and dignified way, looking after the *res angustæ domi*.

A narrow path led from the house to a small landing, where lay a little boat, just such a one as that in which Southey used to paddle himself

up and down the stream. How suggestive it all was of the beautiful life of this home-loving man—of picnics to Lodore; of trips to Skiddaw; of sails on Derwentwater; of climbs up Helvellyn!

We attended service on Sunday at Cross-thwaite Church, where Southey lies buried. Apart from this association, the church is interesting as being a very ancient foundation. It claims to occupy the site of a Saxon church that stood there in the sixth century. At one end of one of the aisles, is a large white marble monument, bearing a recumbent figure of the poet. The face does not give one as agreeable an impression as the steel engravings we are familiar with. Perhaps it is because the eyes are wide open, with a sort of upward stare. The idea evidently is, that he hears a voice above him, and is dropping the book from his hand to listen.

The simple little children of the primitive-looking dales-people gathered about us, and seemed interested in our curiosity. It was *their* statue, and they were glad to have something to show these foreign tourists. It was entertaining to see their sense of proprietorship; they rubbed their rough hands over the poet's crisp curls, smoothed his forehead, and dallied with the marble tassels of the cushion on which his

head rested, the beadle not interfering to forbid them. In the churchyard we found the monuments of the Southey family, made of simple gray stone like that which covers Wordsworth's grave. As I stood there, I could not but recall the somewhat sad extinguishment of a life that had been pre-eminently happy; and the sleety March morning on which Wordsworth and Quilinan crossed over from Grasmere to see him laid in the grave, seemed a fitting type of his life's ending.

"He was a noble and kind gentleman," the beadle said to Anna—"so gracious to all his poor neighbors; not like Mr. Wordsworth, who did na' mind them much. My wife was for long, a maid in his family, and a better maister never lived."

Derwentwater is a perfect gem of a lake, surrounded by fantastically moulded mountains, green to their tops, and where they are not covered with young plantations of larches, threaded with sheep-paths. It was not strange that Coleridge should have named the son, who was born here, after this lake. We made the circuit of the lake the other afternoon, and it was a drive to be remembered. We had a spanking pair of horses and an intelligent driver, who made every

foot of the way interesting by his reminiscences. Old Skiddaw towered in the distance ; the quiet of the lake was impressive, presenting a great contrast to Windermere with its fleets of pleasure-boats.

We explored Borrowdale; we paused at the chasm, but did not see "how the water comes down at Lodore"; for midsummer had dried up the mountain streams. We stopped beside the great "Bowder Stone"—the biggest boulder, I suppose, in Great Britain—but we did not ascend the steps which lead to its top. The head-waters of the Derwent take their rise in a wild region, that answers to the Indian's description of a waste rocky gorge,—“A place where the Great Spirit emptied His lap, after He had finished making the world.” We wound away from the top of Borrowdale, down the other side of the lake, and passed St. Herbert's Isle,—a spot made holy as the haunt of a hermit, who lived there in the seventh century. Of course, by dint of a little sharp gazing, we could see the ruins of St. Herbert's chimney-top !

We finished our beautiful day, by sitting out on the fine grounds of this manorial-looking hotel (The Mansion House)—which is for the time being our home—and watched the sun go

down behind the tent-like mountains, with a golden lustre that suffused the cloudless sky—the circle of sapphire hills—the bright town below us, and the waters of the crystal lake. As the sun's rim dipped behind the horizon, I looked at my watch, and found it a quarter past eight; but it was nearly ten before it grew too dark to read, so lengthened out, are these northern twilights.

“I shall never see anything on earth lovelier than this,” said the Professor, as he sat with his face still brightened by the sunset sky; “I almost feel as if I would like to close my eyes here, and now, and open them next in heaven !”

It was perhaps pardonable, that, sitting within sight of the roof under which it was written, I should quote the opening verses of Southey's “Thalaba,” as moon and stars came out :

“ How beautiful is night !
A dewy softness fills the silent air ;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Dims the serene of heaven.
In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
Sails through the dark blue depths.
Beneath her mystic ray,
The heaving mountains spread,
Like billowy ocean, girdled by the sky ;
How beautiful is night !”

THE HAUNTS OF SIR WALTER.

THE most notable object that meets the eye of a stranger, as he looks from the windows of the Royal Hotel, Princes Street, Edinburgh, is the exquisite monument dedicated to the greatest of modern romancers.

And this Princes Street—how its beauty takes away one's breath! and we find ourselves using the historic exclamation of "the First Gentleman in Europe," with a consciousness of its utter baldness of description. It seems peculiarly fitting, that at the noblest point of this splendid avenue, Sir Walter's monument should be placed, just at the edge of the superb esplanade, with the old town all behind him, and the new town stretching away before him, with its picturesque beauty.

The monument is like the section of a Gothic spire, surmounted by many pinnacles, among which are niched some thirty of the principal characters of Sir Walter's novels. It is built of the light stone, to which most of the architecture of the city owes its elegance; and its details are

very richly wrought out. Under the dome sits Sir Walter, wrapped in his plaid, with his head upon his hand, in a brooding attitude, while Maida lies at his feet. There is something very touching as he sits there between the past and the present, keeping silent and everlasting watch over the city, about which his genius has thrown such a glamour of romance.

They tell us here a touching incident of the architect who designed this monument. Sir Walter was driving one day among the Pentland Hills, and overtook a lad of twelve who was toiling along under a heavy burden. He made him place his bundle in the carriage, and take his seat beside him, beguiling the way with talk about the boy's hopes and plans. When he was put down by Sir Walter, it was with a warm glow in his heart, and a crown in his hand; and from that time his admiration for his benefactor became a passion. He studied architecture, and when designs for the monument were sent in, his design was chosen. The pathetic part of the story is, that he did not live to see the work, into which he had put all his heart, completed.

There is not a historic building, nor an old church, nor a close, nor an ancient thoroughfare, about this grand old city, that is not instinct

with memories of Sir Walter. Our carriage drivers filled us with wonder with their minute knowledge of his works. We have followed the limping boy to the high-school: we have gone with him to the Grass Market. We have paced up and down the Cannongate, and had Saddle-tree, and Dumbiedikes, and wild-eyed Meg, to come crowding about us. We have driven to Castle Street, and visited the house there, in a back room of which, as he himself says, "with only a patch of shabby sky visible," he wrote the best of his novels. There is nothing to distinguish the house but Sir Walter's bust above the door.

As we pored over the heart-shaped chiselling in the pavement where the old Tolbooth used to stand, and drove thence past Davie Dean's cottage, and then away beyond the city limits to Reuben Butler's school-room, and had the very spot shown us where Effie was accustomed to meet her lover, no wonder we fancied that we saw her grave sister Jeanie walking in High Street!

On the steps of Greyfriars' Church, we thought assuredly of the solemn league and covenant; but also of that wet Sunday when the gallant Walter gave his umbrella in the porch to the

pretty, young French maiden who afterward became his Charlotte. And how could we sit in St. Giles or stand in its crypt on the slabs, under which lie Murray and Montrose, and not feel as if we were living among his creation?

At Holyrood Sir Walter seemed to be our cicerone; and it was the Mary Stuart of his romances who haunted all the rooms, and who went up and down with us those worn, stony stairways. Pausing before the entrance to the palace, at the beautiful fountain covered over with historic statuettes, it was "Jingling Geordie" who seemed to stretch his hand to us to lead us to Heriot's Hospital, at whose entrance we easily saw Nigel with Richard Moniplies behind him.

We have gone, with the spirit of pilgrims, over the beautiful "Queen's Drive"; and find the whole circuit of the landscape filled with Sir Walter. Yonder are the Pentland Hills, every foot of which he had tramped over. In the distance beyond lies Lammermoor; and within view are the sands where the poor Master of Ravenswood perished. Just a short way this side of them is the field of Preston Pans; and down there, in the little village, we could see the roof under which Prince Charlie slept the night before the battle.

We turn our heads, and below us are the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel, so fully described in "The Heart of Mid-Lothian." Farther on is St. Margaret's Well—an ancient fountain of as cool, delicious water as we ever drank. We pleased ourselves with thinking that the boy Walter had many a time taken a draught from the antique iron ladle chained to the solid masonry of the well.

But why attempt to catalogue the spots made memorable by this supreme genius, when the very lochs and mountains, and bracken, and heathery moors, all give back to us the echo of the one name! What were beautiful Scotland without Sir Walter as the interpreter of her legends and her history—of her sufferings and her glory!

A day or two ago we came down to Abbotsford, still keeping in our hands the clew of the Romancer. How refreshing it was to drive along the foot of the Eildon Hills, whose three peaks are so distinctly seen as we approach the little castle—the peaks said to be cloven by the spell of Michael Scott, the Wizard, whose tomb we saw to-day in Melrose Abbey; and how vividly we recalled the midnight ride of Deloraine, in search of the Wizard's Book of Magic! Abbots-

ford lies lower than we had imagined—the Tweed flowing softly before it, with only the intervention of a velvet-turfed meadow. The castellated house is much more imposing than I had expected to see: it is anything but the lath-and-plaster structure my travelled friends had talked about. It is of a beautiful light stone, and the grounds about it are faultlessly kept.

And yet it made me infinitely sorry to see this treasure of Sir Walter's heart kept as a mere show-place; for the Hope-Scott family, we were told, live for part of each year in a cottage near by, and draw their income largely from the exhibition to tourists of the house proper. It would have made Sir Walter groan, and lean his hand more heavily on Tom Purdie's shoulder, could he have been one of our fifty tourists, yesterday, who followed the wooden guide all over his precious rooms, and heard his wooden talk. It seemed to vulgarize the romance of the place. Yet it was inspiriting to walk round the drawing-room; see Raeburn's fine picture of the Laird of Abbotsford; examine the beautiful ebony cabinet and set of chairs, the gift of George the Fourth; look at the grand chair presented by Gregory the Sixteenth; study the bronze vases sent by Byron; and pore over the great, circular

table in the large bay-window where, under glass, the most precious relics were kept. Here was Rob Roy's purse; Helen Macgregor's heron-plume; the golden cloak-clasps of Bonaparte, picked up at Waterloo, with his military portfolio; relics of Lord Nelson; a drinking-cup of Burns'; and multitudes of mementoes alike interesting.

The library is a beautiful room, lined from floor to ceiling with books; but the little study next to it, with the books around, which were the special implements of the Romancer's trade, above all took my heart. There was the veritable chair, and the desk at which he had sat. I had leave of the wooden guide to seat myself for a few minutes in the chair; and every tourist before me seemed some personage who had walked out of the pages of "Kenilworth," or "Ivanhoe," or "Old Mortality," or "The Abbot," or "Woodstock." What brilliant society had filled these rooms! What flashes of wit and wisdom had these walls heard! What royal spirits had interchanged thought and sentiment here! How had Sir Walter sat on this very window-seat, looking out over his beloved Tweed, and listening to its placid murmurings!

The armory is one of the most interesting in

the suite of apartments, hung, as its walls are, with every species of armor and implements of warfare known in Scottish annals. I shuddered as I looked at the claymore of Claverhouse, and thought of the blood of the slain Covenanters. In the armory, under glass, is preserved the last suit Sir Walter wore, even to the white felt hat and well-blackened shoes. Just outside the window, near, was the grave of Maida, with its pretty monument.

From Abbotsford we drove to Sir Walter's last resting-place, Dryburgh Abbey, and all the way we thought of his last drive thither. The scenery is of the loveliest character. We did not ford the Tweed, but crossed it by a foot chain-bridge, and had a long walk to the lodge at the gates of the ruins. From the gates to the Abbey itself there is the perfection of a beechen walk, some quarter of a mile in length,—a mossy wall on one hand, a wide stretch of meadow on the other, and close rows of ancient beeches meeting overhead. The ruins are the most picturesque we have seen in Britain; the seclusion has something inexpressibly sweet about it. Those worldly-wise old monks knew how to choose the loveliest spot on all Tweedside. No wonder Sir Walter wished to be buried here, instead of at Mel-

rose ! There is a calm and quiet about the place that makes it seem almost holy. "If I die abroad," I could not help whispering to the Professor, as I stood among some of the freshly-made graves, "get leave for me to be buried at Dryburgh !"

The chapel, or rather niche, under which Sir Walter lies, is well preserved, and is protected by tall iron gates. The Lockhart family fill the adjoining one—the only two cloisters that are under roof. A large rose window, near, remains perfect, and the chapel is well preserved, with the narrow stone benches running all round the walls, intact as when the monks sat on them so long ago. I could write a dozen pages about the choked fountains, and the carvings, and the court-yard perfumed with sweetbrier and honeysuckle; but I forbear.

We drove away with the afternoon sun bright above us, under a long line of "the monks' beeches," as our driver called them, and reached this quaint little inn at Melrose, not to see it by "fair moonlight," but at least before the sun went down. The Abbey must have been beautiful in its time, but the ruins are limited as compared with Dryburgh; and the village which has been built from them, crowds them in a very vul-

gar and obtrusive way. The ruins are not kept with much care, but some of the cloisters are still very perfect. "Here rests the heart of Bruce," we read on a tablet under the east window; and many a famous name in Scottish story we traced upon the ancient tombs. Here, just beneath my window, is Tom Purdie's grave, and yonder is the stone within the Abbey on which Sir Walter used to sit brooding for hours. He would walk on from Abbotsford, the guide told us, with Tom Purdie's shoulder for a staff, and sit half the day here, with Maida at his feet. Still, Melrose has little of the charm of Dryburgh, and we are glad Sir Walter lies beyond the long beechen walk where the roar of the world never comes.

AMONG OXFORD QUADRANGLES.

OF all the old cities of England which we have visited, there is not one that has taken a deeper hold upon us than this beautiful, historic, and most antique city of King Alfred. So linked is it in our minds with the boy-memories of one of the most interesting of all Britain's early sovereigns, that one is quite disposed to summon up in imagination the little Saxon prince, standing at the knee of his noble mother, Elfleda, and conning the lesson, which was to bring him the reward of the little manuscript book he so coveted. We know that here Alfred, when he became king, planted the first college or school, about which have gathered such vast accretions, as the centuries have gone on. There are now some twenty-four colleges in Oxford, each one an independent foundation in itself, and all together forming that splendid university, which has been for ages, not only Britain's pride, but the pride, as well, of the civilized world.

Having been built at epochs widely separated, the architecture of these ancient halls of learning

is as varied as their names. Among the oldest, we are told, is Merton College; and to look at its scaling walls, and loosened carvings, and time-stained architraves, and gnawed stone-work, into which the ages have bitten so remorselessly, one might think that King Arthur had there worn the academic gown. It actually seems decrepit with age, and the worn Gothic doorways seem almost ready to stoop with the weight of the centuries piled upon them.

These gnawed and eaten walls seem very pathetic—like the wrinkles of decay upon the face of the octogenarian. It is not owing to extreme age that these Oxford colleges wear such traces of the tooth of time. They have been almost invariably built of that soft, white English stone, which so readily yields to the effects of constant dampness. Westminster Abbey was built of this stone, and the consequence is that it is scaling and wasting to such a degree that the English mind is just now greatly exercised as to whether the whole Minster will not have to be cased externally with fresh stone—a step every antiquarian would be shocked to see taken, for this hoary agedness of which we speak, seems equally to wrap the Abbey, and make it older than the temples of Paestum.

Here and there they are furbishing up the antique exteriors of the old colleges. Magdalen College was undergoing some such thorough repair. This college is always called Maudlin at Oxford. If we had asked for Magdalen College we would have received the same answer as our American friend did of the Oxford porter: "Magdalen College, sir? Why, there is none of that name here." He put the question to some half-dozen different persons of various stations of society, receiving in substance the same answer. At last, seeing a gownsman approaching, he accosted him: "Half a dozen people have assured me that there is no Magdalen College in Oxford. As I know there is, will you be so kind as to relieve my perplexity as to its whereabouts?"

"Oh," said the Don, "you mean Maudlin College. Nobody here knows it as Magdalen."

We drove to Christ College, which is the head college of the University. A guide was waiting under the broad, stone archway, into whose hands we resigned ourselves. This college is by no means one of the oldest, but it is one of the richest in its architecture. Crossing a broad gravelled quadrangle, we faced the sculptured stone over the doorway, which bears a Latin in-

scription to the effect that this college was built and endowed by Cardinal Wolsey.

We ascended the old marble stairway, worn by the tread of the scholarly feet that had been going up and down it for more than three hundred years, and the first department in which we found ourselves, was the grand refectory. It is an immensely lofty and long room, lighted with many windows of old painted glass, and lined from floor to ceiling with historic portraits, full-length figures, statues and busts of the great scholars who had been educated here. At the head of the apartment was a dais, elevated two or three feet above the rest of the floor, where royal personages dined when they honored the college with a visit, and where the Dons and the Professors dine now. In the centre of the wall were two immense pictures—one of Henry VIII., in all his regal pomp; the other of the Cardinal, in the glory of his ecclesiastical robes.

As we walked up and down this splendid room, we felt ourselves in very superb company, as we looked round at the sages and statesmen who gazed at us from the walls, or surveyed us from their pedestals. It was natural that from the refectory we should wish to go to the kitchens, to see in what manner meals were prepared for

this vast number of scholars, for the guide said there were then about five hundred names on the rolls. It was vacation, and there were only then a few residents in college; but some alert cooks, in their white-paper caps and immaculate aprons, were moving briskly about the huge fireplaces, and we saw them grilling their famous steaks.

We were shown the apartments which Prince Leopold occupied when he was a student at Oxford—apartments that had nothing about them more royal-looking than those of a sizer. Dr. Pusey's rooms were pointed out to us, Canon Liddon's, and others. Only an occasional gowman was to be seen; and quadrangles, walks, and gardens wore a look of strange solitude. What splendid avenues of old trees bordered the greensward in the college gardens! Every tree seemed as much sheltered and cared for as if it were some old college pensioner; and what pen can describe the velvety richness of the grass, the broad, long-drawn, gravelled walks, as smooth as a marble floor; the umbrageous seats, inviting to studious repose, and the air of ancient and scholastic elegance which pervades the embattled walls, the ivied towers, the mullioned windows, the sculptured gateways, and the hoary cloisters. We did not wonder, as we went over

the Oxford Colleges, at the Englishman's love for his university; we did not marvel that such perfect scholars were turned out here, as we looked at the grand libraries, overflowing with the musty lore of the ages.

Addison's beautiful walk is a spot of great attraction, with its gravel, its grass, and its magnificent trees, and the sweet association of the calm and gentle scholar, the echo of whose steps will forever linger here. From Addison's walk we drove to the Bodleian Library. Its external appearance is very imposing, as one passes under the huge archway into the great paved quadrangle, upon which the different departments open, having the peculiar character of each one described over the door—such as law, medicine, history, divinity, science, and so on beyond our counting. We ascended to the apartment where were stored the most valuable manuscripts, missals, relics, specimens of the oldest known writings, the first books ever printed, autograph letters of old authors, manuscript copies of ancient celebrated works, Guttenberg's earliest printing, and a thousand other things, which only a catalogue of the Bodleian could give one an idea of. Here was the missal that Marie Stuart had wept over at Fotheringay Castle. Here was a book of

devotion belonging to Charles I., and bound—a queer conceit!—in a piece of a waistcoat he had worn. Here were pages of Queen Elizabeth's copy-book—a bit of the little Princess' Latin exercise. Here was a pretty letter of the boy-king, Edward VI.

But one cannot attempt to enumerate the treasures of the Bodleian. These, of course, are all under glass; but they are so carefully and fully catalogued that one had no questions to ask. It brought one very near to the old times, to bend over Caedmon's Anglo-Saxon Paraphrase, and King Alfred's Translations, and a manuscript of the Gospels used by St. Augustine at Canterbury, A.D. 600, and a pair of Queen Elizabeth's gloves which she had worn. All this was modern compared with the papyrus rolls from Herculaneum, Sanskrit rolls, and Ethiopic and Coptic manuscripts. The ceiling of this treasure-room is in large panels, every panel containing the portrait of some celebrated man of past times. The Great Hall is a room of splendid proportions. The books of greatest value, looking as old as Miles Coverdale, were in cases of four feet in height, the whole space above, almost to the lofty ceiling, being filled with large canvases and portraits of all the worthies who

have figured in English history. It was like walking down the pages of Hume, Macaulay, and Green. What a tempting place for a student to study history, where he can find upon the wall the face of every important actor in the great drama of the past.

The architecture of the twenty-four colleges of Oxford is wonderfully diverse and wonderfully interesting. Such quaint old gateways, no two of them exactly alike; such antique porches, such beautifully sculptured oriel windows, such rich stone tracery everywhere. And then the air of almost pathetic antiquity that seems to pervade every spot on which the eye rests, and the classic aroma that hangs about the dim old quadrangles, and the mossy cloisters, and the crumbling arches, and the ivied towers—what an aspect of scholastic seclusion these give to this ancient haunt of learning. There is not another city like Oxford in the world, and to us it seemed the very gem of England. There is nothing of to-day about it; it is redolent of the yesterday that reaches back to King Alfred—that brings before us Chaucer and Wycliffe, and Ben Jonson, and Wolsey and Cranmer and Sir Kenelm Digby. When we drove away from the old city, we felt as if we had left half our heart behind us.

KING WILLIAM'S ORANGE-TREES.

"Is it possible"—said one of my travelling companions, who had been so often in England as to know it pretty well by heart—"is it possible you are so little of an anti-Jacobite, and a good Protestant, as not to care to make a pilgrimage to the spot most of all on British soil, associated with the Prince of Orange? Can one who is given to boasting that some of her ancestors witnessed the final defeat of James Stuart, and were ready to sell their lives for 'the bulwark of the Protestant Faith,' in the person of the Prince of Nassau, does not care to go to Hampton Court!"

"But at Hampton Court I should be haunted by visions of the proud old Cardinal, or the bluff, tyrannical Harry, or poor tearful Anne Boleyn."

"Not you! There is little there to recall the older days; the atmosphere is redolent of William and Mary, almost to the exclusion of either earlier or later sovereigns; you will walk through twenty apartments that reflect the simple taste

and domestic habits of the Holland Prince. You will almost fancy yourself in the Low Country, when you look at the Delf ware, that seems to be the only porcelain used in the decoration of the palace. You will see the rows of knotted and gnarled old orange-trees, whose ancestors, at least, came from the principality over the water, if they did not themselves have that honor; and you will walk through Queen Mary's Private Bower, where she and her ladies used to spend somewhat tedious hours."

Chaffed thus, I consented to join the party that were to spend the day at Hampton Court. It was a soft gray English morning, when we descended the long flight of stone steps at Blackfriars' Bridge, and stepped on board one of the little steamers, that are continually rushing up and down the Thames. We wondered what London would do without this historic water-way, as there are almost no lines of street-trams, as they are called in England, about the great city; true there is a vast network of underground railways, which pierce London in every direction, honey-combing it as the catacombs did old Rome. But it is far more agreeable to have the stiff breeze of the river, blowing one's hair about one's face, than to be traversing the

smoky atmosphere of the under-world of the great metropolis.

We sped briskly along the beautiful Victoria embankment, which extends for miles along the river; and passed multitudes of spots, familiar to us, by name, from childhood—Temple Gardens, Westminster, Chelsea, Battersea Park, Putney Kew. We paused at Chelsea, and with what reverence we could summon, examined the houses on Cheyne Walk (which faces the river), where George Eliot spent the last months of her life, and in which she died; and the one not far off, where Thomas Carlyle, and his much-enduring wife, lived for thirty-five years or more. We looked somewhat cynically at the spot on the river-bank to which the old philosopher used to come every evening to smoke his pipe, and indulge his gloomy lucubrations about the world. But every foot of ground is historic here, and every cluster of chimneys we saw, recalled some great name in English annals. The windings of the Thames become very picturesque, as we get beyond the environs of the city; but with its flat banks, and sedgy marge, it looks too ridiculously narrow to American eyes to deserve the name of river, at all, much less to be styled, in Gray's lordly verse, "Old Father Thames." We

wondered how it was possible for the Oxford and Cambridge boat-races to take place on such a mere creek as the river becomes, above the point which the tide reaches.

Everybody knows that Hampton Court was largely built by Cardinal Wolsey, and its grounds so beautified by him, that some little time before he fell into disgrace, he made a reluctant present of it to his royal master, who otherwise might have lifted his head from his shoulders to gain possession of it. The palace and very extensive grounds are surrounded by high brick walls, almost as high as the stone ones of Windsor. Ingress is had through various great iron gates. We crossed the old stone bridge, and entered a broad drive, which on one side had a long line of barrack-stables; for a regiment of cavalry has its station here. We witnessed an inspection of the horses of the regiment, and a pretty rigid one it was. The stern-looking Inspector examined every horse with the utmost minuteness, from head to tail, rubbing his bare hand the wrong way up the horse's sides and back, and slapping his coat with all his might, to see if he could shake out any dust. After that was done, the young cavalryman was ordered to take his horse by the mane, and trot him very rapidly up and down before the Inspector.

The palace is a huge pile of brick, with facings of white marble. It has no special architectural beauty, though portions of it were built by Sir Christopher Wren.

We did not realize, as we entered the Great Hall, any beauty of the pavement, which some old chronicler says was made of tiles of "manie divers hewe, pynted and ypaved with pontyls"; for we found it worn and dim enough. The floors in this palace are inelegant and rude beyond those of any royal residence we had elsewhere seen, excepting Holy Rood. Not a single apartment had waxed or polished floors. But it must be remembered that on an average, two hundred thousand people visit the Court yearly; for it is a great place of resort for the millions of London. It is never used as a place of royal residence at all. It is not probable that Queen Victoria ever passed a night there, and it is actually uninhabited, except by the countless officials who take care of it. We found it filled with workmen, engaged in putting in heating-coils. We were told in London, that Buckingham Palace is manned (and maided) the year round, with such perfect order and precision, that if, at any hour of the day, the Queen should telegraph that she would be there in three hours,

she would find everything so perfectly arranged that she could take instant possession. "And yet," said my informant, "she does not spend three weeks there out of the fifty-two!" Is it wonderful that we found Parliament making inquiries as to the expenses of the seventeen royal residences at her Majesty's disposal? We were reminded of Lord Gower's saying that he was a "homeless man": and were disposed to think the Queen might place herself in the same category. He is the owner of twenty castles and residences, and as he cannot live in any one of them but a short period at a time, he feels a compassion for himself as one who cannot create for himself a permanent enough habitat to be called a home.

The Great Hall, the largest apartment in the palace, is a room of fine dimensions, filled with painted windows, rich in heraldic devices. The walls were hung with tapestry of more than usual artistic grace and finish, very much superior to a great deal that we have seen in other castles and ducal residences; we remarked one peculiarity which gave an odd look to the historic scenes: the colors were quite admirably preserved, with the exception of the faces of the figures. These had invariably turned black, so that these noble personages of old all seemed to be negroes. We

found beneath the grand chimney-piece what looked very familiar to us, a cast-iron stove of an old-fashioned Pennsylvania pattern, which, if not made at one of the great foundries of the Keystone State, was an exact imitation of those most in use twenty-five years ago.

In the grand drawing-room, there is a fine carved mantel-piece of black oak, in the centre of which is a profile picture of Cardinal Wolsey, who, as he only had one eye, always had his fair one turned to the gazer. This room is crowded with historic portraits of no great artistic value, but interesting as having been taken from life. The King's Stairway is quite grand, and leads to many reception-rooms, boudoirs, and chambers, the walls of which are entirely concealed by dim old canvases, many of them of extraordinary dimensions. The closest historical association that many of these suites of rooms seem to have, is with William and Mary. There is no end to the apartments which his Majesty of Holland dignified with his occupation; there is his Writing-closet, and his Dressing-room, and his Presence-chamber, and his private Chapel, and his Study, and a score of others. Many of these have their walls covered with Sir Peter Lely's paintings, and there are multitudes of articles of furniture

and of *vertu* which recall the tastes of the Orange prince. The finest carving in these chambers, is by Grinling Gibbons. In one of the rooms I was charmed to find the only picture of Mrs. Delaney which has come down to us; but it would have made the dear delightful old lady shudder to find herself elbowed by a flashy portrait of Madame Pompadour.

We could not forget, as we threaded these historic rooms, the haunting memories that tapestried its walls. Here Wolsey had kept almost royal court; here bluff Harry had rollicked; from these rooms Anne Boleyn had gone to be beheaded; here Jane Seymour had died; here Mary Tudor had passed her grim honeymoon; here Charles I. was a prisoner; here Oliver Cromwell had lived; here James II. spent portions of his bloody reign. No wonder that later kings and queens never set foot within these royal walls, with which so many tragic memories are linked !

As one walks the long terraces it is not hard to believe that the interminable lines of gnarled ancient orange-trees made the passage of the Straits in the early days of the Protestant Succession. If they were all in bearing order they would furnish fruit enough for every Protestant of Ulster to carry one on the end of his shillalah.

Some of them undoubtedly did form a part of Queen Mary's botanical collection. There are delightful gardens, and the views across them and beyond the river are picturesque and beautiful. This is the garden which John Evelyn describes in his charming "*Sylva*" and "*Terra*." Not far off, is Deptford, Evelyn's fine estate, through whose "glorious and impenetrable holly-hedge,"—as its owner styled it,—Peter the Great, when a tenant of the mansion, was accustomed to ride on a wheelbarrow. The vinery of the Court contains the enormous black Hamburg vine, greatly over a hundred years old, the most remarkable one in the world. It is wonderful in its way; the infinite pains taken to support every cluster and branch make one think of the delicate engineering called into play for its preservation. Its costly clusters are wholly reserved for the royal table.

The park and grounds of Hampton Court are more exquisitely kept than anything we have seen in England. To note the number of gardeners employed, one might think that every parterre and grass plot had its special keeper. Ruskin somewhere says, that so conventional are the English people that not a fallen leaf must be suffered to lie upon the gravel, though the master of the house be lying dead within it. We

were reminded of this bit of exaggeration as we walked over the turf, and wondered at its exceeding beauty.

"Stoop down," said Julia, as I stood on one of the emerald circles; "stoop down and examine closely the quality of this wonderful turf. Look at the threads; are not the spires as delicate almost as the filaments of a spider's web? And see the microscopic character of the clover-leaves; centuries of cultivation have reduced their size till they are almost infinitesimal."

I did as she bade me, and found the grass of the fineness and texture of velvet pile.

As we returned to London, a bit of history that brought our own country vividly before us was recalled by hearing G—— say: "Here is the town of Brentford." The name at once suggested the last meeting of the Indian Princess Pocahontas with the Great Captain, John Smith. The Court was residing here when she was brought thither to be presented to the Queen; and it was on this occasion that she was unexpectedly brought face to face with the hero of her early romance, whom she had supposed to be dead. Her surprise and agitation were such as to confirm the idea that she had really loved the hardy adventurer whose life she had saved.

THE QUAINTEST CITY IN ENGLAND.

BOADICEA, the intrepid queen of the ancient Britons, who so bravely opposed the Roman invasion—in what a twilight of remote history does she seem to have flourished ! And yet, here to-day, I stand upon the spot from which Suetonius, the Roman general, marched forth at the head of the famous Twentieth Legion, to conquer this Amazonian queen.

I have just come in from a stroll along the walls of old Chester, the origin of whose very name marks it as one of the most ancient of the Roman cities founded by Julius Cæsar. It was to this spot that Suetonius was sent that he might drive the ancient Britons into their Welsh fastnesses. Antoninus mentions it as the camp of the “Legion of the Victorious” (*Cestriæ*), from whence we have the modern name Chester.

We have just walked around the city, whose entire circuit is bounded by the Roman wall, which was built when Suetonius first fortified his camp, and repaired by Marius A.D. 73. The under-stratum of the old wall gives positive in-

dication of Roman workmanship; and upon it, in early Saxon times, a wall two or three feet higher was constructed. Running along this wall, its entire length, is a fine flagged pavement, to which you ascend by broad stone steps; and from every point, as we make the circuit of the city, we have fine views of the windings of the river Dee, and of the wide surrounding country.

How antique are the associations about us! Yonder is the great field, called The Barrows, where the Roman soldiers were drilled; turning around we see, on a projecting rock, a figure of Minerva, dug up from the ancient city. Across the river Dee lies the seat of the Grosvenor family, descendants of the Danish Rollo, who invaded England in A.D. 876. Within sight is the anchorite cell, where, tradition says, Harold, the last of the Saxons, retreated after the battle of Hastings—not having been slain in battle, as the old chroniclers have it. I can hardly imagine anything more inspiring than the sights we have had to-day, from this Roman wall.

The city within the walls, is the delight of all antiquarians. The houses that line the quaint streets, are gable-fronted, with their wooden beams exposed, curiously carved. There are

remains here, of King Alfred's possession of the city, and of Edgar, the Saxon king, as well; and from the times of Edward of Carnarvon (which was the Welsh name of Chester), who was the first Prince of Wales, the eldest sons of English monarchs have always borne the title of Earl of Chester.

Since I came in from my stroll along the walls, I have been out on a little shopping tour, among the picturesque and curious "Rows." These are two lines of shops, the one on the ground-floor having an arcade built in front, the roof of which forms a passage-way in front of the shops above; this upper row of shops is reached by flights of stone steps at every street-crossing. The limits of the city are not extensive, owing to its being circumscribed by such compact walls. This may account for these double rows of shops which so utilize space. There is nothing else like them in England. One of the oldest things in Chester, is the Cathedral of St. Werburgh, which is built upon the site of a Roman temple of Apollo, and is now Chester Cathedral. It was built partially, in the eleventh century, but the towers we now see were not completed till some time about 1240. Owing to the softness of the red sandstone, of which the Cathedral was built, it has

been necessary to recase much of it ; but this does not destroy its air of antiquity. We attended service at four o'clock yesterday, in the choir, and heard Dean Howson read the evening lessons. It is hard for us Americans to become accustomed to the addition of the scarlet academic hood to the white robes of the priests. There is something about it suggestive of the Roman Church; and we cannot understand why, if it is not strictly ecclesiastical, it should be worn at all the services in which the English clergy officiate. A cardinal is constantly suggested to our minds, when the clergyman at the lectern or the altar, turns his back to the congregation, and displays this long red pointed hood. It was a great pleasure to us (despite the crimson-lined hood) to hear Dean Howson, with whose "Life of St. Paul" we in America are so familiar, read the services. The photograph of him, that has lain in my portfolio so long, is so perfect that his face seemed quite familiar to me. After the service was over, we examined at our leisure, under the guidance of the verger, the beautiful carvings of this choir, which are among the most exquisite in England. And how sorry we felt as we were shown the "clere-story," along which are ranged the stalls where the poor nuns used

to sit in the old days, and get, through the deep carved lattice in front of them, such scraps of the service as might reach their ears—if, indeed, the voice of reader or preacher was ever distinctly audible at that height.

I asked to be shown the stall where, as Canon of Chester, Charles Kingsley used to sit. We turned up some of these quaint, curious seats, to look at the carvings underneath. We found them for the most part grotesque, and provocative of laughter. One of them—I think perhaps the very one on which Mr. Kingsley used to sit—had a scene apparently from the legend of “Little Red Riding-Hood”—showing that the story is a very old one—the savage jaws of the wolf being wide open, ready to snap up the frightened child. Nothing seems too absurd to be represented in these carvings: a pig dancing, while a piper plays; an angry woman beating a boy; a monkey with a psalm-book in his hand. What could the old ecclesiastics have meant by allowing such wickedly suggestive things as I have sometimes seen under these cathedral-stall seats, to be introduced into a place of worship? Was it to symbolize the unworthy thoughts that passed through the minds of the people who came to worship? The monkey is a favorite

subject in these church ornamentations. We noticed more monkeys in the beautiful old Temple Church—alas! despoiled of its antique interest, by unlimited “restorations”—than any other form of ornamentation. Perhaps these old monks had some instinct of their origin, though they had no Darwin to tell them of it in those dark old days.

In one of the streets here, there is a house with a carved beam in front, on which there is the inscription, “God’s providence is mine inheritance—1652”; and to this day it is pointed out to visitors as God’s Providence House. It came by its name when the city was swept by the plague, because it was almost the only house in which some of the inmates did not perish by the pestilence. We found an old chapel, in one of the narrow streets, where lies buried Matthew Henry, the commentator; and reverently as we might, we visited his grave, though not without Julia’s recalling how often in her early days she had dozed over his prolixity. It would grieve his good old Christian heart, if he could know that the church in which he once preached, is now held by Unitarians. We found here, too, the grave of Parnell, the poet, who is mainly remembered now, as the author of “The Hermit”; and, standing

there, one could not refrain from quoting the familiar lines:

“ Remote from men, with God he passed his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.”

I wonder, if ascending and descending so many long flights of stone steps here, can have any bad effect upon the muscles of the inhabitants. I certainly never have seen as many lame people—as many men, women, and children who walked with a limping or halting step—as I have seen to-day. Others of our party have remarked the same thing. Some one, speaking the other day of the wonderfully erect figures and fine muscular development of the women of Venice, was disposed to attribute it to the long flights of stairs which they had been going up and down since their childhood. The stone stairs of Chester must be at fault; for they have not had that effect.

We quite delight in the wide corridors, and broad staircases, and lofty ceilings of this old Grosvenor Hotel. It was evidently built in the good old times when there was more room for England's population, and it was not necessary to crowd so close together as now.

This dear, quaint old city has got such a grip

upon our hearts that we would like to linger here longer, and wander about the old cloisters of the Cathedral, and read the inscriptions on the flat gravestones in its pavements, and listen to the rich music of its chorister-boys, and hear good Dean Howson read the evening lessons, and stroll upon the antique walls, and think of Suetonius and his jousts with Boadicea.

IN THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER AND THEREABOUTS.

It has been said that no one who has not read Dean Stanley's monograph of Westminster Abbey, or who has never formed one of the party conducted through its intricate mazes by this prince of guides, and listened to his eloquent and vivid description of the aisles, the monuments, the chapels, the tombs, the entablatures, and the thousand historic memorials of England's grand story—that no one who has not had this experience has ever known or seen the old gray pile at its best.

Through some curious inattention, or culpable neglect, not one of our party had ever read the Dean's exhaustive book; and as to his guidance through these cloisters so beloved of him—that was something to muse longingly and sadly over as we sought out the old niche (too small to be called a chapel), in which he had chosen to lie down beside his dear Lady Augusta. With a little of the feeling that pilgrims have before a shrine, we stood at his grave one sunny day.

Under one of the lancet windows he is stretched, in his white ecclesiastical robes, with his hands folded as in prayer; the clear-cut face, so marked with intense intellectuality, and traced with lines of deep and scholarly thought, turned heavenwards; the pointed slippers resting upon a lamb *couchant*. It gave a solemn emphasis to our wanderings through the vast pile, as we walked out under the cloister arches, across the Dean's Close, and passed the door leading into his private dwelling, to go from his grave to seek the Jerusalem Chamber—one of the spots most sacred of all to him.

This long, lofty apartment takes its name from the fact that it was panelled with cedar brought by some of the Crusaders from the neighborhood of Jerusalem. The Dean was the first one to discover the interposition of a flat ceiling which had been placed there, for what purpose, and when, no record thereof remained. This ceiling, so destructive of the fine proportions of the room, through his intervention was removed. He also placed, as his own slight memorial, the rich tiles round the ancient chimney-piece, which bear, in black-letter, the legend, "*Jerusalem which is above is free.*"

Shakespeare has made us know, even if history

had not, that immediately before this fireplace, Henry the Fourth was laid, when carried from the chapel of Edward the Confessor, in a dying condition, and there breathed his last. As I stood upon the flagstone where his head had lain, and seemed to hear him say,

“It hath been prophesy’d to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem,
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land ;
But bear me to that chamber, there I’ll lye :”

the date of his death, 1413, seemed brought quite near to me; and yet Columbus had not then been born !

But the most pregnant association which Protestants have with this august chamber, is the fact, too well known to need announcement here, that within it sat for so long, the Westminster Assembly of divines summoned by the “Long Parliament.” It is redolent, therefore, of the Confession of Faith and the Shorter Catechism. There is a large painting between the windows, and opposite the chimney-piece, representing the scene so well known—the moment at which the divines pause, with solemn awe, over the question, “What is God ?” when the youngest of them was asked to kneel, and beseech direction for an answer. The whole chamber is adorned with stately

paintings and busts. Through its centre runs a long green-baized trestle table, which seemed old enough to have been used by this ancient Assembly. The worthy successors of the translators of King James' Bible, had just closed their labors, and risen, a few days before, from their seats. Their pens and inkstands still occupied the table, and it required some little self-denial to keep me from asking from the guide (for a consideration) one of the quill pens lying there. We would have liked to linger here for an hour or two, and saturate ourselves with the specially Protestant associations of this memorable spot; but the successor of Dean Stanley came in, in his scholar's black gown, evidently on some official business, so we felt it incumbent upon us to bow ourselves out. Dean Bradley is a small, meagre man, with shoulders that stoop, as if he had spent all his life bending over books—which, no doubt, he has. He has a most kindly face, and there was about his attenuated features the eager look of an enthusiast.

The Jerusalem Chamber has but one door of entrance, and that is through the Jericho Chamber—why so called, we did not find out. This room is also panelled with cedar-wood, and has its trestled table, and pens and ink in the centre, and is used

as a conference-room, by the Dean and the Canons of the Abbey. The only picture in it, is one of the Greek patriarch, who some time since visited England.

One who has read a hundred, more or less, of tourists' descriptions of this ancient Abbey, and heard friends describe every aisle and chapel, may fancy that he has a very good idea of it—"His eyes make pictures while they're shut"; but neither Coleridge's pictures, nor one's own, probably, bear the remotest similarity to the conceptions of what one has not actually seen. It certainly has been so with us here.

As we entered the low door, next St. Margaret's Chapel, at the foot of the nave, and were suddenly confronted with its vast proportions and length, what a rush of strange feeling came over me. The immense aisle was actually peopled with a white multitude, whose lifted hands and heaven-pointing fingers, gave one an idea of the resurrection morning, so thronged did it seem with sheeted forms. One does not get over this impression amid the crowds of statuary that everywhere, in transept and aisle and chapel, startle and confuse the eye. It is assuredly like reading history, with marble figures as its type, that one pores over these interminable vistas.

"Come with me," said a friend, who had been so often in Westminster Abbey as to have learned it by heart—"come with me, and I will take you into nooks and corners that the ordinary tourist never dreams of." He did so, and such delightful explorations as were vouchsafed me were something out of the beaten track. Among other spots, I found myself in a niched recess, which, on looking round me, I discovered was dedicated as the burial-place of the Boleyn family. "Ah!" I said, "I ought to find here, the tomb of Lord Hunsdon, Anne Boleyn's brother, of whom I surely know something, inasmuch as our dear S——'s genealogical fervor never lets her forget that she is one of his descendants. If she were here, her first search would be for his monument."

So saying, I stepped back from reading the inscription about Sir Thomas Boleyn, and stumbled in doing so, against a tomb behind me. I turned and read the name of Lord Hunsdon.

"What would S—— not give to stand where I do?" I said; and therewith proceeded to look for a scale of ancient marble which I might carry back to her, and let her have set about with precious stones, to wear as a brooch on her breast! But not a scale would the old stone yield up; so

I shall have to be content with assuring her that I have made a pilgrimage to her ancestor's tomb, and gratify her Virginia pride with the knowledge of my homage thereat.

As we turned away from these Boleyn monuments, we came upon a most curious piece of time-blackened sculpture. It was a baby's cradle, almost of the hue of ebony, and had in it a little effigy just as black, tucked up in its blankets. From the inscription, we found it to be the counterfeit presentment of an infant child of James I., who died at the age of three days. What a nipped bud of royalty was this to have been embalmed here for nearly three centuries! Fastened over the *berceau*, was a manuscript copy of verses, "written by an American lady." We were told that Miss Woolsey ("*Susan Coolidge*") was their author: and they so commended themselves to Lady Augusta Stanley, that she had them placed over the cradle, with the request that they be not removed.

As an American I found several things that touched my patriotic pride, in the rich old Abbey. One of the most conspicuous objects, as one walks up the nave toward the Poet's Corner, and just at the point where a short aisle branches off, is the nobly placed bust of Longfellow. It

stands so clearly out, in its white purity, from the dark stone background of the walls, that it can be seen the entire length of the nave, and has thus a prominence given it, which Lord Macaulay might sigh for; for his bust is so hidden behind Addison's statue, that one has to make quite a *détour* to see it at all. Just a few feet around the corner from the Longfellow memorial, is the old blackened and battered tomb of Geoffrey Chaucer. In what close neighborhood, are their tablets here; and yet what a sweep of centuries separates them! A couple of wreaths of fresh flowers lay on our poet's pedestal—the votive offering, no doubt, of some loving countrywoman.

Near the end of one of the transepts, I found myself standing upon a broad gray marble slab, so much fresher in appearance than all around it, that I looked down to see whom it commemorated, and read the following inscription: "*Beneath this stone lay, for five months before his removal to his native land, the body of the American philanthropist, George Peabody.*"

As I turned aside from the transept, my eyes were raised to the fine stained-glass window, erected by Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, in memory of Isaac Watts and John Wesley; and these traces of American kinship and gracious Eng-

lish courtesy, made me feel warmer as I walked through the chill aisles of the hoary minster.

We were surprised to find dear old Wordsworth not in Poet's Corner, where he certainly should have been placed. In the very obscurest chapel that we came across, we discovered a statue of him in a sitting posture, with nothing to keep him company there, but busts of Keble, Kingsley, and Maurice—grand company, no doubt, but so little of it, considering the excessive crowding one feels everywhere.

Nothing can exceed the grotesqueness of some of the Abbey monuments. Before them, one can do nothing but give way to fits of laughter. The extraordinary lack of taste displayed in multitudes of others, is calculated to shake one's faith in the average Briton's sense of the fitness of things, and to deny him any true conception of harmonious beauty. The biggest pile of marble in the Abbey is the monument to General Wolfe, representing his death at Quebec. It is almost absurd in its details.

One word about St. Margaret's Church, one of the dependencies of Westminster, as old as, if not older than, the Abbey, and almost touching it. It is very rich in historic associations. We attended service here last Sunday, and heard

Canon Farrar preach to a congregation of two thousand people. The church has little of the rich ornamentation of the minster. There is no stained glass save the great window over the altar, which has a curious history, having been buried two or three times to save it from destruction during the various troubles in the realm. At the altar here Cromwell was married. On one side of the chancel is the grave of Milton's second wife. Here Cromwell's mother is buried; and on the wall, above where we sat, was a brass tablet in memory of Sir Walter Raleigh. It was pleasant to sit and dream there, and have the morning sun stream through the stained glass of the great east window, just as it did on the heads of Raleigh and Milton and Cromwell three centuries ago.

THE DORÉ GALLERY.

AFTER the tourist has roamed over Continental galleries until the sight of a great canvas almost comes to be an object of weariness, he will probably return to England with the feeling that it will be impossible to find there anything to move him as he has been moved in the Holy Land of art. He has dreamed away days and weeks, it may be, in the Vatican and other grand galleries of Rome; he has been saturated with beauty among the treasures of the Uffizzi and Pitti at Florence; he has revelled over the riches of Munich; he has almost worshipped at the shrine of the Madonna in Dresden; he has bewildered himself trying to systematize the vast wealth of the Louvre,—what can the little green isle have to show him after all this? What are its National Gallery, its Royal Academy, its Kensington Museum, or the art stores of its princely and ducal palaces compared with what he has seen?

And yet to-day, after having made within the few past weeks this round of the galleries, I have been persuaded, half against my will, to see

a collection of paintings which has strangely moved me.

"If you want to be lifted out of the rush of this nineteenth-century life," said a friend to me the other day, "and be spellbound before one of the most marvellous pictures of the age, go to the Doré Gallery in Bond Street, and sit down before a canvas there that will move you, I venture to say, more than Rubens' great work at Antwerp, or—shall I dare to say it?—more than even Raphael's 'Transfiguration.'"

I resented any such deduction.

"Doré is wonderful as an illustrator of the conception of others, and fertile beyond all precedent; but art critics have taught us to distrust him as a colorist, and in some degree to deny him supreme power on canvas."

"Nevertheless, go," urged my friend, "and see what will become of all the rant of your critics after you have been subdued before his miraculous Christ."

Accordingly, our home party went to Bond Street this morning; and for hours of this bright day we have been lingering entranced over such creations as no French school has ever before produced—creations whose lofty simplicity, and stern grandeur, and realistic vividness have taken our very hearts.

I had seen large engravings of Doré's masterpiece,—“Christ Leaving the Prætorium,”—but they had conveyed to me no sense of the majesty of the painting. The canvas is an immense one, thirty feet by twenty, and is instinct throughout with the most passionate life and movement. It contains hundreds of figures (those in the foreground above life-size), and illustrates the marvellous skill which the artist possessed in representing multitude and space. We have seen no canvas of Claude's that breathes with a more palpable atmosphere. And yet, in this vast throng, there is not a face or figure that is not marked by its own individuality.

The moment of action is, I believe, original in its conception. It represents Christ descending the broad marble staircase leading from the Prætorium, just after His final condemnation by the Roman governor. This broad staircase occupies the centre of the picture, and down its shallow steps our Lord descends. The august figure moving forward in its awful solitariness is the central point toward which every face in the multitude is directed, and which holds the eye of the spectator with a fascinated gaze. He is clothed, not in the dead white of linen, but in the softer-hued, undyed woolen toga. There is not an accessory

about Him to divert attention from the divine humanity of the straightforward-looking face. The arms are dropped on each side; there is no aureole about the head, or, if any, it is so faint as not to attract attention. There is a total avoidance of that meek beauty, that feminine auburn hair, that delicacy of complexion and feature, and that characterless softness, which mark all the heads of Christ in the pictures of the old masters, not even excepting Raphael's.

On each side, separated only by the balustrades of the stairway, surge and seethe the shrieking, excited multitude, who cry: "Away with Him ! away with Him ! Crucify Him ! crucify Him !" — who clench their fists across the railing, and with demoniac rage fling upon Him their ribald revilings, and gloat over His condemnation, with faces of fiend-like vengeance; on the other side crowd the callous-hearted, indifferent Roman officials and soldiery, too much accustomed to the sight of cruelty, woe, and blood, to be in the least moved by the majesty of the innocent sufferer.

It will be remembered that at the Feast of the Passover, almost every nationality of the then known world was accustomed to be represented; and consequently, we have here a fine field for the artist's pencil—the proud Pharisee, the scowl-

ing scribe, the howling Jewish populace, the refined Greek, the stately Persian, the Arab of the desert, the scoffing Roman, the gaping African, and the philosophic Egyptian. On these faces every possible passion is depicted—hate, vindictive wrath, exulting vengeance, stolid satisfaction, haughty indifference, scorn, vulgar curiosity, deprecation, cold wonder, and here and there, upon some startled female face, the yearning of a fathomless compassion. Between these two opposing throngs, moves the Christ, in the sublime dignity of His Godhood, with a majesty as calm as the unapproachable heavens overhead. There is an infinite unconsciousness of the shrieking multitude around Him. He sees nothing, He hears nothing. He is alone between the eternities! His unblenching eye is fixed upon the inexorable Justice that sits upon the everlasting throne. He seems to say, "I shall see of the travail of My soul, and shall be satisfied." The superhuman dignity, the unshaken serenity, the loftiness of purpose, the majestic acquiescence, the transcendent sorrow, of the Son of man, surely were never better portrayed by mortal pencil. The sense of separateness (the "treading of the wine-press alone"), the miracle of that far-away gaze, the suggestion of awful

solitariness, are inspirations. We felt as if we must veil our eyes, and shrink back from a sight of such sacred awfulness !

We have just been studying the cartoons of Raphael in the South Kensington Museum; but how conventional the flashily robed Christ of these pictures seems compared with this pathetic figure, draped in its stern robe of dim white !

I know it is treason to all the canons of Art and to the traditions of the ancient schools to say it, but I will say, that in all our rounds of the Continental galleries, I have never seen a representation of our Lord that so subdued and awed me, and made me realize so fully His divine humanity.

There may be faults of technique in this vast canvas, and to critical eyes, there doubtless are; but the central thought is so all-pervading and exalted, that one is ashamed to search for defects. There is very apt to be, in all of Doré's paintings, some excess of imagination which mars the general effect. In this picture, it is the malefactor, who drags the cross over the foreground of the canvas. Apart from the anachronism of introducing the cross here, it disturbs, with its cruel realism, the lofty spirituality of the divine sufferings.

It is said that Doré spent two years of labor

upon the figure of his Christ, and some seven or eight upon the whole picture. The history of the canvas is somewhat curious. To save it from destruction in its unfinished state, during the Franco-Prussian war, the whole canvas had to be buried.

The picture which, next to this of the *Prætorium*, commanded our most undivided attention to-day, was a canvas of the same size, the subject being "Moses before Pharaoh, after the Death of the First-born." It is a dark, rich, interior picture, conceived in the spirit of the most elaborate Egyptian orientalism. Its details are carried out very finely, and there is that grand sense of space, which Doré surely has the remarkable art of giving to his creations. The fearless figure of the great Hebrew leader, from the lower step of the throne, confronts with stern majesty, (strong because He feels the power of the God of Israel behind Him,) the sullen, angry, and yet quaking king. Moses stretches his hand toward Him, saying, "Thou shalt see my face no more." And one observes how Pharaoh quails before the majesty of that eagle eye, although his proud courtiers around him are striving to buoy him up to a feeling of sovereign contempt. The spectator realizes that they are failing to do this,

and that the king is half spellbound in the presence of the prophet. At the foot of the throne, agonized mothers press forward, holding aloft in their arms, with awful reproaches on their lips, their dead children. Between his anger and his fear, the irresolute king vacillates, and neither listens to his courtiers, nor succumbs before the majesty of the seer.

The conception of the picture is certainly a powerful one, and we find nothing here that we would fain omit. It is characterized by a severe unity; and yet we have here, as in the canvas of the *Prætorium*, the extremes of passion, the defiant courtiers, the scared yet indignant king, the stern bravery of the prophet, the shrieking of the bereaved mothers, and the white stillness of the dead children. One feels a strange solemnity in the presence of a scene so vividly rendered.

There is one other picture of the same colossal proportions as the two already mentioned; it is "Christ Entering into Jerusalem," but the theme has been often treated, though probably never better than here. The canvas is full of light, movement, color, variety, and feeling. But there is not that unity of treatment which we find elsewhere in Doré's best work. There are separate

groups of marvellous beauty; but these detract somewhat from the general effect, inasmuch as they divide the interest with the central figure, the ineffably sorrowful Christ. The contrast of this lofty, mysterious sadness with the rejoicing faces around Him, is very striking and powerful. But we have not space here for further details.

One other picture I may be allowed to speak of more specially, since it made a very positive impression upon us all. The subject is mediæval, and gives evidence of Doré's wonderful versatility. The canvas is a moderate-sized one, and represents a vesper scene in a monastery chapel. The *motif* of the picture makes itself felt at once, and it is as strong a protest against the old monasticism of the Romish Church as any reformer's sermon could well be. In the centre of perhaps a dozen monks, sits a youthful one, who has just assumed the final vows, having entered the convent, which he supposes is the retreat of only purity and peace. He is heart-sick of the wickedness of the world, and brings hither his longing aspirations, his holy enthusiasms, and his self-denying zeal, expecting to find truest help and sympathy, among the Brotherhood. For the first time, the now fully admitted novice takes his place among them, as one of the community. He

is suddenly confronted with a scene which dashes all his hopes to earth, and makes him aware that he has committed a terrible mistake which is to involve his whole life. On not a face about him is there a trace of reverence, or interest, or worship. One paunchy old monk has evidently been down to the abbot's cellar, and is ready to tumble from his seat in drunken helplessness. The head of another has dropped upon his breast in stupid sleep. Another is stretching his arms, gaping wearily, his missal lying upon the floor beside him. Two or three are whispering together, with a wicked leer in their old eyes. One old fellow has pulled off his cowl, and is scratching, unconcernedly, his shaven crown. The only monk who seems to be somewhat intent upon the service, is a very aged one, doubled up in the weakness of senility, with his Psalter held all awry, in an apparently vain effort to make it out. In the midst of all this, with his hands clasped in a sort of paralyzed disappointment over his open service-book, the young neophyte sits, with a look of despair on his pale, pathetic face, on which is plainly written: "Is this the holy refuge I have sought? Are these to be my helpers heavenward? Am I to grovel among them till I die?" The pathos of the moment is irresistible,

and one feels a tug at the heart, that compels one's eyes to turn away. This picture is a fine illustration of the skill with which Doré freights his canvas with some single, central, burning thought.

There is another mediæval picture, a companion to this, which is as full of tender and pathetic beauty as this one is of bitter disappointment, "The Young Monk's Dream." It tells a story, as plainly as words could do, of love, loss, sorrow, and death. The young monk sits at the cathedral organ, his hands wandering dreamily over the keys. He is unconscious of the cowled monks and the kneeling congregation in the background. Grief has driven him hither to find alleviation for the burden of his sorrow, but he has not found it. The vision of the lost one comes ever between him and the dreary rounds of his monastic life. He turns his pleading eyes toward the spectator, as if craving sympathy and help—unaware, the while, that a figure, so faintly defined that it seems but a shadowy mist, is leaning over his shoulder. I think it will be long before I forget the haunting sadness of those wide-open eyes.

"The Dream of Pilate's Wife" is a strong conception, which anywhere, save among these finer canvases, would arrest and hold the spectator.

I can understand now, as I could not understand before, why Gustave Doré turned away with impatience from all the praises that were lavished upon him, on account of his superb illustrations; and refused to be consoled, because of the wrong he thought the critical world of Art had done him, in refusing to acknowledge that among modern masters, he was supreme.

NUMBER FIFTY, WIMPOLE STREET.

"THERE are four spots which I don't like to leave London without having visited," I said to the Professor; "and with such skies above us, how can we hope to accomplish anything to-day?"

"It is one of your raw American ideas to mind weather," was his rejoinder; "with a close carriage, anything is possible; name your four places."

"I have always said," was the reply, "that, whatever I did *not* see in London, I would be sure to hunt out Cripplegate Church, where Milton lies buried; Christ's Hospital, which Charles Lamb and Coleridge, and the rest of them, have made so familiar to us; the Charter House, where I may hear Colonel Newcome whisper '*Adsum*'; and last, but to me not least, No. 50 Wimpole Street, the house in which Elisabeth Barrett lay for such long years an invalid, and out of whose door she passed as Mrs. Browning."

"You shall be gratified, the weeping skies to

the contrary notwithstanding." So in a brief space we were seated behind protecting glass, and were whirling through London streets, defiant of the persistent drizzle.

"Do you know where Cripplegate Church is?" asked Julia, of the gray-headed old coachman.

"I can find it," he said. Though why we wanted to say our prayers in such an out-of-the-way place as Cripplegate Church seemed to puzzle him. It proved to be situated in one of the very narrowest of London streets, with a pavement in front of it, not three feet wide. From what I had read of it, I expected to find it in somewhat of a dilapidated condition, as it was one of the old churches that had escaped the great London fire. Instead of this, however, it turns out to be a fine restoration, and its living is said to be one of the best in London. Happily the restoration has not been so thorough, as to do away with any of the old wood-work of the interior. The main change has been in the windows; in all of them, except the rose-window over the chancel, the stained glass has been renewed. What a pity it seemed, that the soft harmonies of the old stained glass are giving way, in so many cathedrals and churches, to the more garish hues of our modern day! Those

old workers had a finer sense of color, than belongs now to modern artisan or artist. We realized this, as we compared the oldest glass in York Minster with that of a later day.

We sat down in Milton's pew, at the entrance of which, under the flags of a broad nave, for a hundred and fifty years, the poet had lain buried. Somewhere in the early part of this century, his remains were removed to the end of one of the side aisles, and laid beside those of his father, that a suitable monument might be erected over both. A slab at the pew's entrance announces this. As we sat there, looking up at the rose-window, which contains a choir of singing cherubs, we called to mind that before the poet's eyes grew sightless, they must have rested many a time on these same angel faces.

As we were passing down one of the side aisles, the guide stopped us to point out a handsome entablature on the wall, enriched with heavy carvings, saying, "That is in memory of a daughter of Shakespeare's Lucy."

"Shakespeare's Lucy? why, he never had a daughter of that name."

"O! I mean Sir Thomas Lucy, who took Shakespeare up for deer-stealing."

The first thing that made me assuredly aware,

two months ago, that I was driving through the streets of London, was seeing a "Blue-Coat Boy" on the pavement, with his bare head, his flat cap being carried under his arm, as all Blue-Coat boys have carried them for four hundred years (they are too small to be worn on the head, and it would outrage all precedent to have them made big enough), his long indigo-colored coat, and his yellow breeches and stockings, and low shoes. So I was glad to pass from Cripplegate Church into the stately cloisters of Christ Church Hospital. Everybody knows the history of this old eleemosynary establishment, founded by the boy-king, Edward VI., with the status impressed upon it at the time of its endowment still unchanged. The clothing, the customs, the food,—indeed, everything connected with this immense foundation, remains as it was when Edward VI. gave it its name. It is one of the most interesting features of old London, for it carries one back so thoroughly into the far past. The foundation is immensely rich; and it would be impossible to estimate its value as an educational system for the poor boys of London.

As we passed in, under the heavy, gray-stoned archway, we asked the white-headed porter, who stood there fully uniformed and equipped, like

a soldier on duty, what the number of scholars had been during the past year. He replied, "Eleven hundred and fifty-six ; the largest number admitted at any one time." He seemed very proud of being the protector of such a huge monastic-looking pile, and spoke of it and of the boys, of the gardens, the playgrounds, and the quadrangles, with a sense of ownership that was refreshing to observe,—his identification with the establishment being so entire. It was vacation, so we failed to see the boys ; but we wandered under the long arcades, and peeped into the beautiful shrubberies, and took the gauge of the playgrounds, with a keen interest : for did we not hear the stutter of Charles Lamb behind us ? and did we not see the boy Coleridge curled up in a dusky corner of one of the quadrangles, with his dreamy eyes upon a dog-eared book ? and did we not hear old Boyer growling out some command from one of the recitation doors beside us ? Every inch of the ground was instinct with memories that form the warp and woof of so much of our later English literature, that we felt like remaining there for the rest of the day, and hunting out for ourselves names hacked upon the desks, and the pillars, and the doors, which have been familiar to us from childhood. But

we had promised ourselves four distinct impressions for the day, and so we might not linger.

It was not long before we found ourselves walking about the quadrangles of the old Charterhouse Monastery, which was confiscated in the time of Henry VIII., and afterward became the home of the oldest ducal family in England, the Howards. Out of its gates Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, passed to his execution; and we could not but think, as we looked up at the archway, how long the arm of the last prior of the monastery hung there, where it was nailed after his execution, by Henry VIII. We all know how it became, through the gift of Thomas Sutton, a religious foundation for eighty-five poor gentlemen pensioners, and for forty-two unprovided-for London boys. The names of many eminent men who had been educated here, are too familiar to make it necessary to allude to them.

The old cloisters have been very much altered since the times of the Howards and the Arundels; but some of the larger apartments still retain traces of former magnificence. The wet day kept the old pensioners within doors, so we did not meet with Colonel Newcome out on his daily constitutional. The whole place seemed even

more alive with historic memories, and the dark nooks more haunted with the shadowy personages of the past, than Christ Hospital.

"You are not often required," I said to our old coachman, "to drive to Wimpole Street"; and why we should want to go to Wimpole Street he could not understand. "But I can find any street in London," he replied. We soon found that our Jehu must have been in the habit of showing tourists up this short, rather grim street; for in a little space, he had landed us at the house once occupied by Hallam, the historian. "Here is the house," he said, "you want to see." But we convinced him that we had no special interest in Middle-Aged Hallam, but that he must carry us a few doors higher up.

London streets and London houses form the grimmest combination, on a drizzly day in autumn, we verily think, that can be found in this world of ours. The soot goes up, and the fog comes down; and between them they form a black coating that seems to cover everything with a drapery of mourning. Almost all the London monuments look as if swathed in black crape. This street, in which the finest woman poet England (or perhaps the world) has ever produced, lived so long, has walls of houses rising

to the height of four or five stories, which are as dark as a child's school-slate, albeit it has an air of quite aristocratic propriety.

The house in which Elisabeth Barrett lived, is as begrimed as the rest ; and, as I looked up at the windows behind whose curtains she lay for so many years, a weary invalid, I marvelled how it were possible for even so subtle a spirit as hers, to free itself from the influence of its environments. How did it seem within the compass of realization, that her "Drama of Exile" could be wrought out where nothing could be seen but black opposing walls, with a bit of gray sky above them? What was here to recall "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," with its wide breeziness, or the "Rhyme of the Duchess May," with its passionate and fiery movement?

One can conceive that "The Cry of the Children" might well have been written here, or "The Cry of the Human," but never "The Vision of Poets." The name of a home in which much of her childhood was spent, was Hope-End,—an ominous name for the home of any one, much less that of such a poet. But the influence of this London residence could not have been even as cheering as the pine-surrounded one of her early years.

She speaks, in some of her earlier letters to Richard Hengist Horne, the author of "Orion," of the comfort which the outline of the Malvern Hills was to her, in this isolated dwelling-place, and how often the billowy curves acted as spurs to her imagination; how she peopled them, and made them seem to herself, like the kingdom beyond the mountains, of which she makes "Ellie" dream, in "The Romance of the Swan's Nest." The house in which she lived at Torquay, fronted the bay, and had a boundless sea-view. It was from the windows of this home, that Elisabeth Barrett witnessed the drowning of her favorite brother, by the capsizing of his boat,—a sad catastrophe, which threw a singular shadow over her whole life.

To come from the pure, saline breezes of the Devonshire coast, to the dim atmosphere of London, and the sombre sounds of its dark streets, must have seemed to the lark-like spirit something akin to being immured within prison walls. And yet what a power genius has of transmuting everything into what it would have it be! What were London's soot and grime to her, whose outspread wings of thought cleaved the pure empyrean!

Under the small portico were placed benches,

on which it did not require much fancy to see dear Mary Russell Mitford sitting to rest, after one of her hurried journeys up from Threc-Mile-Cross, to spend a few hours with her most cherished friend,—waiting for the servant to open the door. One could almost hear her cheery voice crying out: “O, my love! if you would but let me carry you back with me to eat strawberries and cream in my garden at Three-Mile-Cross, it would give you a new insight into life.”

An English friend of mine, in whose family Miss Mitford was a familiar intimate, tells me how she was accustomed to go with her mother, when a little girl, on visits to Three-Mile-Cross; and how, one day, as they had taken their seats in the well-known summer-house to eat strawberries, Miss Mitford exclaimed: “O, my dear! I wish you had come an hour earlier! My precious Elisabeth Barrett has only just gone from the very seat you are occupying. If you had but come in time to hear her delicious and inspiring talk!”

As the door was flung open, we could imagine the good cousin, the rich John Kenyon, stepping briskly forth; and as we recalled the sympathetic face, we recalled, too, the fine act

of generosity which placed ten thousand pounds in the hand of his frail cousin, at his death. And up and down these steps, and along this passageway, it delighted us to think how the young Robert Browning had gone, with some "Pomegranate" of love in his hand, for his "moon of Poets." And it gave us an absolute sense of relief, to think that from this home, girded in by dark walls on either hand, he had borne her off, as his bride, to that land of sunshine under which her genius came to more perfect flower, than it ever did under the murky skies of England.

IN CRIPPLEGATE CHURCH.

A SONNET.

I STAND with reverence at the altar-rail
O'er which the soft rose-window sheds its dyes,
And looking up, behold in pictured guise
Its choir of singing cherubs—Heaven's *All Hail*
Upon each lip, and on each brow a trail
Of golden hair ;—for here the Poet's eyes
Had rested, dreaming dreams of Paradise,
As on yon seat he sat, ere yet the veil
Of blindness had descended.

Who shall say,
That when the "during dark" had steeped his
sight,
And on the ebon tablet flashed to view
His Eden with its angels, mystic bright,
There swept not his unconscious memory through,
The quiring cherubs that I see to-day !

CONCLUSIONS ABOUT DEMOCRACY IN EUROPE.

IT is curious to observe how one's life-long ideas of things which one has not seen, are upset or modified by being brought face to face with them. The traditional pity for the down-trodden masses of Europe—"the oppressed humanity" of the Old World—had been instilled into my mind as a religion, by a father whose reverence for American institutions and their founders, almost amounted to worship. Subsequent experience has taught me that there was some sentiment mixed up with so much catholic pity. We find that the democracy of Europe at bottom, is not greatly different from our own.

The farther we travelled, the more we were disposed to soften down our American prejudices about the tyranny and injustice of the ruling classes in monarchical countries. Our sympathies were by no means so overpoweringly wrought upon as we had been taught to expect that they would be.

Among the rural districts of England, we were

constantly struck with the air of content upon the faces of the working classes. To be sure, we saw women weeding the turnip-patches, hoeing the potatoes and beets, and making hay side by side with the men. Never in all our lives in the South, did we see so many women at work in the fields; but they had no overburdened look; and as we watched their children often scampering about them, it did not seem to us worth while to waste pity on them.

In Scotland there was nothing among the lower classes that gave us any heart-wrench whatever. Plenty of poverty we did see, but it was that decent poverty for which one always has respect; and the clean and careful thrift of which we were constant witnesses, made us ashamed of the reckless waste which characterizes the poorer people in our country. From the Duke of Devonshire, of whose thrift we had some curious experience at Chatsworth, down to the pretty laundry-maid near London, there seemed to be absolutely not a penny's waste. We noticed this in the management of the first-class hotels. Our home in London was at one which is considered among the best. Yet we noted there what would surprise, if it did not shock the habitués of our American hotels, viz.: the pass-

ing around of the head-waiter, as stately as black broadcloth and immaculate linen could make him, with a silver fork which he thrust into every broken piece of bread and deposited on a silver tray; and when *diplomatic pudding* appeared on the *menu*, next day, we were not at a loss about its constituent parts. This was done at *table d'hôte* every evening.

The only places where we met barefooted children, were in the old High Street, Edinburgh; in Liverpool, and, of all places, in Hyde Park in the height of "the season." On the Continent, the wooden *sabot* is so universal, that one never sees a child of the people without them. Raggedness is very uncommon. We have often observed more between Philadelphia and Baltimore, than during the whole of our foreign travel.

No question about the poverty of the working classes. Their food and dress and lodging are of the very plainest; but they get more out of it than do our poor. There is never the slightest attempt at finery. I have seen infinitely more display during one Sunday among our Virginia negroes, than I ever saw among the menial classes abroad.

In France we were struck with the *insouciant*,

contented look of the common people, and with the thorough zest which they threw into their enjoyments—a zest our lower classes never know. They did not seem the sort of people out of which communists could be made. Our favorite cab-driver said to us one day, “It is not fair that you should see only the fine parts of Paris—only *good* Paris. Let me drive you through the streets of *bad* Paris, and I’ll show you the communistic quarters.” Accordingly he drove us to the points he indicated, and we were obliged to remark the general air of decency and comfort that prevailed. The main thing that offended us, was the frequent recurrence of meat-shops for the selling of horse-flesh. In the central portions of France, we were struck with the serene contentment of the men in blue blouses, and the bonnetless women, in short petticoats, who thronged the old streets of the towns and the paths of the provincial highways.

In Germany the ruling hand is more obvious, and stolid faces were common. Our Americanism rose triumphant when we saw women and dogs yoked together pulling carts, heavy laden, through the streets. Along the Rhine there was poverty enough, but still it was not painful poverty, and seemed to have no element of wretched-

ness mixed with it. In Holland and Belgium, the uncommon thrift and industry of the laboring classes give an air of brightness to everything, and we were hurt by no sign of suffering in either country.

Switzerland has little besides its inheritance of sublimity and beauty; and as we travelled through its entire length, its pathetic poverty was a constant oppression. But the meagre possibilities of the country accounted for this. There is no tyranny to hold down its people; its government is as free as our own, and is administered so economically that its taxes are not burdensome. Yet the poverty is piteous and appealing. The barest necessities of life are all that the dwellers in the little Swiss hamlets ever hope for. Their faces wear a look of sad resignation, and the children seem never to laugh. Nowhere did we see women made such use of—they are not only wives and mothers, but beasts of burden like horses or donkeys. We saw them carrying great panniers of compost, strapped to their backs, up rocky steps cut in the mountain sides, to the ledges where vines were planted. We saw them cutting their little harvests on hillsides so steep, that they had to kneel and hold on by tufts of the grain with one hand,

while they cut with the other; and then they piled their shocks on their backs, and carried them away. But this poverty can be predicated only of the rural population of Switzerland, not of the towns and cities.

- There were other features in the positions of the foreign democracy for which we were not prepared. With our American ideas we had supposed that no intrusion of it was ever allowed "betwixt the wind and the nobility" of the privileged classes. Our experience showed that we were mistaken.

Spending a day in and about Windsor, when we presented ourselves at the entrance to the Castle with a number of other tourists, we found a score or so of the English commonalty waiting also to be admitted. They were evidently abroad for a day's holiday; most of them were decently dressed, husbands with their wives, and some twelve or fifteen mites of humanity that never had been out in the sunshine before—the youngest babies we had ever seen out of doors! It was no marvel that these people should be permitted to see the inside of Windsor Castle, inasmuch as they have some proprietorship in it. But when they crowded, babies and all, into the Albert Memorial Chapel so sacred to the Queen,

where the beautiful cenotaph of the Prince Consort is placed, and we heard its splendid mosaic walls resound to the wails and pipings of this same squadron of infantry, we were amazed to see how good-naturedly the epauletted officials took it all. And when the same crowd pressed in through the doors of St. George's Chapel, where English royalty is wedded and buried, we wondered if such a phalanx of screaming babyhood in our Capitol at Washington, would be smiled upon by the porters. It gave us an idea of free and equal rights in this monarchical land, to see a row of these poor mothers seat themselves on a bench just outside the small chapel in which the Queen has placed a beautiful recumbent figure of the Prince Imperial, and proceed without any show of offended modesty, to give the babies their dinner !

In London, some friend suggested that the best way to see the nobility during The Season was to don our best toilets, take the finest liveried turnout we could hire, and join the procession that on fine afternoons rolls up and down Rotten Row, and along the Serpentine through Hyde Park. We did this, and were rewarded, not only by seeing the English Peerage in all its glory, but the English Democracy as well, in all its

independence and freedom. Here were coroneted and crested carriages, with their powdered Jeemeses, in all the splendor of cocked hat, plush coat, and silver shoebuckles, guarding the proud dowagers sitting with noses in the air; and as close to them as the barriers would permit them to come, were also the pressing crowds of indigent poor from the very purlieus of London. Mounted guards, with their swords held before them as rigid as the Horse Guards at Somerset House, were on duty all along the drive; but never once did we see them chide the troublesome curiosity of the bareheaded and barefooted and dirty-faced children, who pressed against the barriers. We saw little creatures of ten dragging, in old champagne-baskets, lean babies; but no attempt was made to keep them from crowding forward to see all that was to be seen. In the great circle of greensward which the drive borders, were scores of unkempt, barelegged boys and girls, rolling on the grass and playing at leap-frog, and disporting themselves as they pleased. And yet Hyde Park is the aristocratic core of aristocratic England!

On the Continent, we remarked the same wide margin for outdoor enjoyment allowed to the poorest people. Driving in the Bois de Boulogne

at Paris, we would come upon groups of the very poor, sitting upon the benches with their children all about them, eating their dinners, while a big basket near, contained the family mending. We observed this in the parks everywhere—in Brussels, in Antwerp, at The Hague, in Wiesbaden, and in most of the German cities. We doubt if Central Park ever has such scenes of democratic domesticity to show, as were constantly presented to our eyes in the parks of some of the most beautiful Continental capitals.

We noticed, too, another custom differing from our American habit. Foreign servants are in all respects better than ours; yet they are not kept as much at arm's-length, no doubt because caste lines are so rigidly fixed among the old civilizations, that there is no danger of their being overstepped. At the pretty hotel where we stayed in Paris, we were accustomed to see some of the maids and *garçons* assemble nightly under a gas-light just outside the open glazed doors of one of the drawing-rooms, with knitting and papers, the guests passing in and out through the group. The *portier* and other officials seemed to consider it all right. We wondered if the Hotel Brunswick or Fifth Avenue would have permitted it.

At Wiesbaden, a city of palatial hotels, we ob-

served the same sort of freedom. We had not become so used to a Continental Sunday, that we did not feel a little shocked when some of the servants of our hotel gathered on a balcony, fronting our apartments, and occupied themselves, the women with sewing, the young men with playing chess.

Upon the whole, we returned to our own land with a heart considerably lightened as to the hardships and oppression of the laboring classes abroad. When we talked with our guide in Edinburgh, about the misery that we occasionally saw in the Closes and Wynds, he said: "These people are wretched just because they are wicked. If they would behave themselves, leave off drink, and do work which they can always get to do, there need not be any such suffering."





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